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The Week.

THE noteworthy thing about the Maine election is the small figure made by the Prohibitionists at the polls, their candidate apparently not having got six thousand votes out of a total vote of almost ninety thousand. Considering the condition of Maine's two great industries, shipbuilding and lumbering, and the belief usually prevalent among men out of work that the "party in power" is at the bottom of any widespread financial distress, the Republicans must be said to have done remarkably well in Maine. The vote of the Prohibitionists—who doubtless were almost to a man Republicans—added to General Chamberlain's majority over his Democratic opponent, gives him this year about the usual Republican majority. The total abstinence men, it seems, have not been able to carry a single district, though they have aided the Democrats in taking away two or three from the Republicans, who, however, have in both Houses an overwhelming majority, which makes sad havoc of some laborious and minute calculations as to who should be Mr. Fessenden's successor at Washington.

Political business gets itself very quietly transacted in all the other States just now, as well as in Maine, unless we take account of the family fights among the Democrats in this city. The best opinion as to the first-begun of these contentions, the Tweed-Belmont affair, is that it has come to an end—Mr. Peter B. Sweeny having come home and ordered Mr. Tweed to keep quiet. So good Republican editors are no longer to be pained by the sight of much Democratic dirty linen; by hearing Mr. A. Oakey Hall declare that the editors of the *World* stayed away from the polls last November, and by hearing the *World* talk about "W. M. Tweed, A. Oakey Hall, and the other noted corruptionists of the ring." Mr. Sweeny is quite competent, we suppose, to restore peace in this section of the household; but there is another section which appears to be very refractory. There is a Democratic Union party, which, under the lead of Mr. Nelson J. Waterbury and Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, is making a disturbance which some people think means something good. Not much, we should say. Our unterrified friends have fallen out, to be sure; but we are not persuaded yet that honest men are to come by their own. The most that outsiders will get from the quarrel will, we take it, be a little light, curious rather than necessary, on the malodorous secrets of the New York Democracy. The *Citizen and Round Table* of last week contains some rather interesting revelations. Mr. Belmont, the Chairman of the National Committee, was, it appears, under "instructions" from the Rothschilds last fall; he acted as the humble and obedient agent and

servant of that house, it seems, and not as a good fighting Democrat; probably he was traitorously privy to the *World's* famous "change of front" article, and so on; in short, he is no good Chairman, or Democrat, or anything. Then there is Mr. Sweeny himself, and Messrs. Connolly and Tweed, and their immediate friends—they are corruptionists of the first water, say the Democratic Union men; and as the *Citizen and Round Table* represents these gentlemen, they evidently are whetting the knife for Tammany as well as for Belmont. Clearly, we should say, there will have to be a little change in the distribution of some of the offices. We may safely leave it all to Mr. Sweeny, however; he knows whether he can trust to the strength of the harness, or whether he must quiet the team with fodder.

In Pennsylvania there has been some rather important work done rather quietly by the Democratic managers, and unless in the month that is left them before the election the Republican managers make some effective response to it, they may once more find themselves where they were in 1867, when bad local nominations were most likely the cause of the defeat of the State ticket, and Judge Sharswood was elected over Judge Williams. The first Democratic nominations for local offices in Philadelphia were bad enough—so bad that the Democratic leaders have been very much disgusted with the work of their subalterns, and were determined to undo it, and now there is a new "slate," inscribed with the names of merchants of the highest character and of young lawyers of ability and undoubted honesty. It looks like a ticket decidedly dangerous to Republican ascendancy in the city. And as the vote in the State is sure to be a light one, and as the city vote can be brought to the polls with comparative ease, a majority in Philadelphia will this fall be a particularly good thing to have. And now, what are the Republican managers going to do to meet this latest move—a move in itself most heartily to be praised, and all the more to be liked if it shall compel the Republicans to make a new Republican ticket good enough to beat the new Democratic? We do not hear of their doing anything. Yet there is no disputing the fact that in Philadelphia the party is to a certain extent demoralized by the quarrel that has been raging between Brewster, the Attorney-General, and Covode, the Chairman of the State Committee. Not the least of its ill effects is the discredit reflected upon Governor Geary, who is placed in the unfortunate position of a man who is quoted—in each case "by authority"—as being at one and the same time on two diametrically opposite sides of one question; and we do not know that Mr. Brewster's or Mr. Covode's veracity in the matter is seriously doubted.

Mr. Pendleton has made another speech on the state of the country, in which he sets forth what may now be considered the Democratic creed: that the country is anything but prosperous; that the Fifteenth Amendment is objectionable because it forces negro suffrage on the people of several States against their will, and because by the strongest implication it confers on Congress and reserves to the States the right to exclude persons of the white race from the ballot because of their nativity, or creed, or want of education, or poverty, while prohibiting the exclusion of another race simply. He denounced Chinese immigration fiercely, having a very low opinion of the Chinese; maintained that taxation was unequal, labor badly paid, luxuries taxed less under the tariff than necessities; denounced the management of the Treasury, called loudly for the payment of the bondholders in greenbacks, and naturally is very much opposed to Mr. Boutwell's purchasing bonds at a premium. In fact, the speech may be summed up

by saying that there is nothing which the Government does, in Mr. Pendleton's opinion, which it does not do wrongly—as wrongly as possible; and the public debt ought to be paid in paper, and there should be no contraction of the paper.

The men are very few whom the country might not have better spared from its service than Senator Fessenden. He was not a man of what is called creative genius; as he himself said, he was naturally a doubter; he was not excellent as an administrative officer, and reluctantly accepted such trusts, but he was almost perfection as a legislator in the ordinary run of legislative business, though on great occasions he was not a leader. He knew what real leadership was, however; and thoroughly and even impatiently as he hated sham leadership and noisy pretentiousness of all kinds, he was never the man to refuse to serve when the fit leader appeared. He seemed to be without vanity; either he did not care who got the credit of what he did, or he was too proud to seem to care; and this indifference to applause, together with his hatred of incompetence, his high courage, a natural reserve of manner, his invincible unwillingness to postpone considerations of duty to any other considerations whatever, got for him the reputation of pride and coldness. In his case, as in that of many others of similar nature, this reputation was only in part deserved. His sufferings under blame at the time of impeachment were known by his friends to have been very acute, impassive as he seemed—so much did he value the affection which it was not in him to stoop to conciliate by unworthy means. It must be confessed that he had the fault of irascibility; but it must be remembered, too, that his so-called irascibility was often righteous wrath against some folly or rascality, and that whatever it was, it was increased very often, especially of late, by a peculiarly irritating disease. Senator Fessenden is doubtless not to be called a great man, able as he was, nor a man of wide culture in any field; but he was a man who has left to his country the legacy of a character and a career as lofty as that of any American who ever led a public life. And we may say that what he did is of small consequence compared with what he will do, for his example cannot but bear precious fruits.

The great nose-pulling case in Massachusetts continues to agitate the public of that State. A petition for the pardon of Mr. Curtis, signed by over three hundred persons, was presented to the Governor last week, and "argued" before him and in Council; but its prayer was rejected for one reason—and a very cogent one—because Mr. Curtis himself had not signed it. When one remembers that it was a trifling fracas in a railroad car between two persons, total strangers to each other, about a seat, one reads the articles and speeches on the affair with increasing astonishment. The *Commonwealth*, as we mentioned week before last, saw in the nose-pulling an attempt to establish "caste" in Massachusetts, and made a discourse on it—over a column long—in a curious vein of cantankerous theology and mushy morality, and other papers treat it with almost equal solemnity. The strenuous opposition offered to Mr. Curtis's pardon also shows that large numbers of persons believe great interests to be dependent on his serving out his term. In fact, their earnestness is only explicable on the theory that a deep and widespread conspiracy is believed to exist among the Boston nobles, having for its object the establishment of a nose-pulling oligarchy. If this belief be correct, the plot has been frustrated, partly through Mr. Curtis's haste, but mainly through the fearlessness and integrity of the judiciary. We see in one Radical paper, however, an intimation that Mr. Curtis's imprisonment is looked on as a divine judgment on the Curtis family for the share taken by the ancestors of the present defendant in trying to send back the Crafts to slavery twenty years ago. "It is a strange instance of Time's revenge," says this pious expositor, "that they who left Boston to escape slavery, with the Curtis family on their track, now return to find slavery dead and a younger scion of that family, innocent perhaps of the disgrace of his kindred, locked up in a Boston jail, with twenty millions of State Street and Milk Street property powerless to get him out! Truly, as old Bishop Hall verses it in the 51st Psalm," etc., etc. We doubt, however, if the real explanation of the matter has yet been

hit upon. Many thoughtful persons have been struck by the closeness with which the nose-pulling followed or preceded—we forget which—the late eclipse, while others are disposed to connect it with one of the magnetic storms which are now known to ravage the face of the sun. The scientific men will doubtless take the case up, now that the lawyers have done with it.

The horrible accident in the Avondale mine is exciting a good deal of attention, but we fear that if anything is done to guard against the recurrence of similar disasters, it will be owing to the exertions of the miners themselves, who are quite numerous enough to affect legislation. The public has a way of forgetting all about such catastrophes within a week of their happening which makes it almost useless to call its attention to them. They furnish a text for a few newspaper articles or a few sermons, and there the matter ends. It must be confessed that a mining accident rarely occurs for which the managers are so plainly to blame. What has happened is apparently something of this kind: A long narrow hole of great depth is dug in the ground, and through it two or three hundred men are sent into a capacious mine, having this as their only communication with the world above. Over the mouth of it and at the bottom of it a large quantity of highly inflammable materials, in the shape of thoroughly dried wooden buildings and stores, are collected—so inflammable and so exposed to conflagration that we venture to say few insurance offices in this city would take a risk on them. This done, the lives of all the miners are entirely dependent on the chance of the buildings and so forth not taking fire. Should they do so, ventilation is cut off, and there is no chance for those below. The remedy seems simple enough, but it is expensive—and that is, to have more than one shaft. The miners can, if they please, and the public ought to help them, bring about legislation providing for state inspection of mining operations, and this class of subjects would furnish a much more profitable material for the discussion of the labor conventions than the currency or the national debt or the interest on capital. The statute-books of all the States bristle with precautions to guard people against being swindled by mining, insurance, and other companies, but protection for people's lives there is hardly any. In this State, if a bank or insurance company is found to be conducting its affairs in such a way as to imperil people's property, it is wound up at once; but a railroad or mining company may conduct them in a way to put hundreds of lives in jeopardy every week, without any interference on the part of anybody.

The Cuban Junta have subscribed \$20,000 in "bonds of the Cuban Republic" for General Rawlins's family. Doubtless, they believe in the bonds themselves; but, considering the facility with which these instruments are issued, we think they might have made the donation twice as large. We may add that the good taste, to say the least, of presenting Mrs. Rawlins with securities whose only value lies in their constituting a kind of advertisement of a political movement, before her husband had been laid in his grave, is more than doubtful, and will wear to many persons the look of an attempt to "help the cause" rather than to minister to her necessities.

Tom Hughes has written to the *New York Tribune* a short letter, giving his views about the Harvard and Oxford boat-race. He ascribes the result as in great part due to the fact that the Harvards had no coaching from the outside, the consequence of which was want of uniformity of stroke. This coaching cannot be done by anybody in the boat, and he thinks the American crew has learnt a lesson on this point it will not forget. He says, too, that the Harvard crew did not look so well on the morning of the race as when he first saw them, a fortnight before, which he ascribes to the Putney air, but says nothing of the milk and currants that have been so much talked of—perhaps because he had not heard of them. He says the struggle for the first two miles was extraordinarily brilliant—on the part of Harvard particularly—that he never saw the like of it, and never expects to see it again; but that when Oxford drew ahead, and Harvard began to pull wildly, the Harvard want of coaching became clearly apparent; the mechanical part of the science here became all-important, and Harvard showed itself want-

ing in it, and lost. He says a good word for the much-abused coxswain. For the first mile and a half his steering was, Mr. Hughes thinks, equal to that of the Oxford boat, and his first and chief error was committed in the decision of a very difficult point, on which it was almost impossible for a stranger steering over a peculiar and difficult course not to err. Considering how important the steering turned out, and how hard it was, even with a man given up to it, the Harvard plan of steering in their old way on the Thames seems impossible of execution.

Mr. Charles Reade—not an authority on rowing, as Mr. Hughes is—more than confirms Mr. Hughes's statement as to the American crew's being overtrained and not "fit." He says further that the Oxford men "pulled all they knew" from the start, and did not "wait" for Harvard as they do sometimes for Cambridge, and that Harvard pulled the handsomer stroke of the two. Mr. Edward King, who has written very well about the crews and the race in the *Boston Journal*, and in whom, as a practised observer, we have confidence, adds his testimony to the effect that it is nonsense to say that the Oxford men were not at all distressed at the finish. Boating men in this city are inclined, we observe, to keep their faith in the Harvard stroke. But will it do for four miles and a third?

The question, Who is to fill Mr. Ross Browne's place in China? is receiving some discussion. Mr. Greeley has announced solemnly that he will not take the place, and now Mr. John Bigelow is talked of with just as much reason. The account given by some of the papers of the kind of man wanted for the post must be amusing reading to the class of men from whom the successful candidate will be taken. He must be "able," and "independent," and "far-seeing," and "magnanimous," and "humane," and "progressive," and, above all things, he must entertain a hearty contempt and distrust for his own countrymen in China—"the selfish traders," etc.—each of whom probably knows more of China and the Chinese than the Minister will know after ten years' residence. We recommend that, under all the circumstances, a minister of the right sort be advertised for. That is the way to get a first-class man. If a selection is to be made without advertisement, we should think a good place to pick would be among the sinologues who have been abusing Ross Browne in the columns of some of our daily and weekly contemporaries. Judging from their articles, if the Administration really desires its ambassador to possess a minute acquaintance with Chinese laws, manners, policy, and with the principles and facts which ought to regulate the intercourse of Christian and pagan nations, it will not have much difficulty in finding one amongst these gentlemen. Prince Kung will hardly venture to play any pranks under their eyes; and if he does, a scathing and fluent rebuke in his own tongue, garnished with quotations from the works of Confucius, will soon bring him to reason.

A demand for the revival of protection in England, got up by an association of "Revivers of British Industry," has excited a good deal of attention in this country, as well as on the Continent; but far more than the importance of the movement merits. In fact, its attracting any notice at all is due to the fact that for the last twenty years nobody has ventured to say a word for protection for fear of being laughed at. It had no more defenders than the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and the announcement now that there is an association organized to agitate in its favor, under the stimulus of great popular suffering, is therefore odd enough to make people talk about it; but the oddity is due simply to its feebleness. Moreover, its prominent men are old protectionists, who have since 1847 been cowed into silence, but draw courage enough from the general suffering to raise their voices once more. They might as well, however, clamor for the restoration of the Heph-tarchy. Their main argument, it seems, is that British imports are worth more than British exports; but as this is true of every manufacturing and trading country in the world, and has done duty now for nearly two centuries, it produces little impression. It is very like saying that A. T. Stewart must be going to ruin because for thirty years the goods leaving his store have been worth more than the goods brought into it.

The absorbing topic of discussion just now in Europe is the French Emperor's health. It seems to be conceded on all hands that he has the rheumatism; and the points on which the gossips differ are its gravity, and the organs it has attacked, and Nèlaton's opinion of the case, and the Emperor's opinion of Nèlaton. However, the conviction seems to gain strength, and is now almost fixed, that a complete recovery is not to be hoped for, and that the real disease, even if not fatal before long, will seriously interfere with the Emperor's active participation in public affairs. He is sixty-one years old, and was, during part of his career at least, a *vicour* of no mean pretensions, and has reached the period when early "fastness" begins to tell. Some of his best advisers—Morny, Fould, and Niel—are gone, and his own nerves are clearly shaky, and Prince Napoleon has just made one of those bids for popular favor in a speech in the Senate which makes the path to be pursued by the Prince Imperial and the Empress, in case of the Emperor's death or severe illness, darker than ever before. The young man reviewed the army recently at the camp at Châlons; and he seems to have borne himself well, and looked manly and critical, and produced a good impression; but the whole effect was spoiled by a courtly order, issued the following day by General Bourbaki, in which he said his Imperial Highness "was well satisfied with the appearance of the troops." This raised a laugh, as well it might; for the French army has got long past the point of being gratified by the approval of a child.

The French *senatus-consultum*, embodying the "concessions" recently made to the Liberals, has been published, but does not differ in any important particular from what was promised. The power of initiating laws is reserved to the Emperor and the Lower House, and the Ministers are responsible, but can only be impeached by the Senate, and may be members of either Chamber, and may speak in both. These are really important changes. So is the concession to members of the Corps Législatif of unlimited right of "interpellation" in asking questions of the Ministry. The budget is to be voted item by item, and legislative consent is hereafter to be necessary for all postal and commercial treaties, which involves almost certainly the abrogation or serious modification of the treaty with England. Jules Favre, and other members of the Left, are said to be sufficiently satisfied with the *senatus-consultum* and the amnesty to be willing to bury the hatchet, and enter off their duties in a conciliatory spirit towards the Government. But then the concessions are such a patent abandonment of nearly every principle on which the Bonapartist dynasty based its claims to popular support, that the opinion gains ground in France that it cannot long survive them. If, after all, constitutional government is the only government possible for France, why retain a family on the throne which has won all its fame as its deadly enemy?

We spoke last week of Mr. Grant Duff's curious fears lest the Chinese market for Indian opium might be spoiled. A report from the English Consul at Canton shows that these fears are not altogether groundless, though what he says has little in it to console those who are opposed to the cultivation of the drug on moral grounds. It appears that the native article has for some time past been improving in quality and quantity, and is now equal to the best Indian variety, and in the interior already beats the Indian drug through its cheapness. He says, moreover, that if the Indian seed be introduced into China, the native opium will soon be, and the Bengal product will have no chance at all, as the Chinese will be able to manufacture just as well as the English and Hindoos.

The cause of female education is making progress in some odd places. A female normal school has been established at Poona, in India, and one of the English ladies taken out by Miss Carpenter takes charge of it. Moreover—and this is far more wonderful—two Bengalee ladies of good family have applied for admission to the Calcutta University. When this spirit begins to show itself among even Hindoo women, we may feel sure that the days of tyrant man's dominion are nearly numbered, and that he will before long assume his proper place in the creation he has done so much to deface.

THE ALLEGED DISSATISFACTION WITH GRANT.

Harper's Weekly made some comments last week on a subject which seems to be just now exciting a good deal of attention from a portion of the press, and that is, how much time the President of the United States ought to spend in travel and at watering-places in summer, and whether he ought to spend any, and whether President Grant, in spending as much as he has done, has not given signs of great baseness. *Harper's Weekly* attributes the abuse of him which the matter has called forth to the passion of the American public for what it calls "the large white wigs;" that is, the public love of a perpetual flow of "rhetoric and flap-doodle, and what is very commonly and expressively called 'squirt.'" Grant is a silent man, who hates fuss, and jabber, and all pompous and formal modes of doing business; he neither magnifies the functions of government with classical illustrations, like dignified and sonorous John Quincy Adams, nor fortifies authority with a slap, a bang, and a bouncing oath, like the "ignorant, imperious, violent, and vindictive Andrew Jackson." Consequently, every time he takes the train, or climbs a mountain, or takes a plunge in the surf, dozens of editors drop on their knees, roll up their eyes, wonder what is coming next, and pray heaven to take special charge of this deserted and betrayed people.

There is no doubt there is a great deal of truth in this theory of the causes of the outcry against Grant. People would not stand any longer a stiff and stately President like Washington, with his *grandes et petites entrées*, his times, and seasons, and ceremonies; but they do like a kind of President who is in reality far more objectionable—that is, a President who devotes himself night and day, body and soul, to talking to people about politics. It would be very curious—and we recommend the task to some of our students of manners—to trace the effect of railroads on the typical American politician. Fifty years ago, when it took a fortnight to get to Washington from Boston, or two months to reach it from Tennessee, the Congressman or Senator had a comparatively easy life. He saw but few of his constituents, either during the session or in his vacations, and he had plenty of time for reading, for the society of his choice, and for reflection. He was, if he pleased, a good deal alone, and when he had business to attend to he could attend to it thoroughly and heartily. Since the extension of the railroad system, all this is changed. No man who intends to devote himself to politics now can shut himself up in his room, or, in fact, take any time to himself whatever. The one condition of his success is that he shall deny himself to nobody, and that in the earlier portion of his career he shall "see" as many people as possible, and in the latter portion be seen by as many as possible. From the moment he wakes in the morning till he goes to bed at night, he is occupied either in exchanging "views" or "considering claims." Crowds from all parts of the Union constantly surround him. The result is that his looks, his tones, his gestures, adapt themselves to his way of life. He thinks comparatively little himself, and soon loses the habit of thinking, being absorbed in finding out what others are thinking, and turning it to account. He smiles mechanically, talks and shakes hands mechanically, displays a mechanical interest in everybody's affairs, pays mechanical compliments, and covers his weariness by a kind of fixed oratorical expression, and gazes at his visitors with the distant, vague, generally-distributed look with which the orator surveys his audience. The result is that the public has come to look on him as in some sort a talking machine, and is almost shocked if he gives evidence of any personal tastes, likes, dislikes, or peculiarities. They pardon his going on a journey if he makes a "few remarks" from the platform of the cars at all the leading stations, or from the balcony of his hotel, and "receives" every night in a hot parlor. He dares not avoid a bore, and the bore, when running him down, feels that he has the American people at his back. He dares not refuse to "state his views" on any topic that may be presented to him, because this would argue either stupidity or meditated treachery. He hardly dares to close his bedroom door at night; for do not the European aristocrats do the same? and who knows at what hour of the night a citizen may want to consult him?

Now, for the last twenty years our Presidents have all been drawn from this class, and have not been the best members of it either, by any

means. Mr. Lincoln belonged to it, and though his fine natural qualities enabled him finally to get rid of most of the defects of his training, they marred an otherwise splendid Presidential career. The amount of time he lost—time too precious to be estimated by any human standard—in mere palavering with jobbers and adventurers about "their claims;" in hearing the "views" of local politicians, who, under a better system, would never have got access to him at all, is not, and never will be, known. He almost wore himself out, while the nation was bleeding at every pore, in considering the petty interests of the pettiest individuals. Grant, not having been bred a politician, has not their manners, and is entirely ignorant of the arts by which popularity is preserved and a show of *business* kept up by them. Moreover, he is an unusually silent man, which also tells against him, as a readiness to talk has become almost inseparably associated in the public mind with ability, not in politics only, but in every field of activity. Two of us hardly ever get together to arrange concert of action on the smallest matter, without "organizing"—that is, without one of us getting into a chair in the middle of the room, and the other taking his stand six or seven feet away from him, and haranguing him—that is, taking ten minutes to express an idea which might be expressed in five.

There is no doubt whatever that there is much truth in what the venerable Horace Binney said some years ago, as to the prejudicial effect on the mind of this apparently excessive use of the tongue, but we suspect its advantages on the whole overbalance its disadvantages. Much talking involves, at least, deliberation and a diffusion of interest, and can rarely be safely dispensed with under a popular government—hostility to it rarely showing itself, as we so often see in the abuse of the previous question in Congress, except when there is something to be "put through" which won't bear examination. Still, the general habit of it does beget suspicion or dislike of silent statesmen—a disposition to believe that unwillingness either to talk much one's self, or "sit under" other people, means indifference to or dislike of business, which is precisely the accusation that is now current against the President, though we have never heard of a single fact in the shape of neglect of duty to warrant it. There is one style of attack on him current just now of which it is difficult to write without indignation. A good sample of it is afforded in the charge which certain journals have been flinging at him incessantly during the last few days, of having been so absorbed in his own amusement at the watering-places as to have wilfully neglected the summons to the death-bed of his friend General Rawlins till it was too late. There is not and never has been a particle of doubt that the cause of his failure to reach Washington in time was partly the non-delivery of telegrams—a very natural and ordinary incident, such as occurs to everybody every day, and partly the sending of telegrams which were not accurate—a not unnatural occurrence considering that half-a-dozen times General Rawlins had been suddenly brought as low as he was in the first part of his last illness, and yet had recovered and gone all but immediately about his work again. Grant's most striking characteristic is his devotion to his friends—a devotion which he has since his election carried, in our opinion, to the point of excess, and which has, in fact, furnished materials for most of the abuse with which the very papers which now tax him with neglect of General Rawlins have been loading him during the last six months. The *Sun*, which has been the most active of his assailants since last April, capped the climax last week by announcing that "without Rawlins there would have been no Grant," or, in other words, that it was Rawlins who won the battles of which Grant got the honor. The *Sun* was never weary up to the time of Grant's election, however, in proclaiming his unsurpassed if not unequalled military ability, so that it now appears that not only has he made a bad use of his political patronage, but that his military reputation, of which the *Sun* was one of the loudest trumpeters, was a mere sham.

There are worse things than this to be observed, however. Grant's Administration has not only made bad appointments, but probably some of the worst ever made by a civilized Christian government. On this point none of his friends and admirers, and we count ourselves amongst the number, can deny feeling deep and bitter disappointment. One or two of his selections for high public positions have really worn

the appearance of "a negation of God," as was happily said of King Bomba's government—that is, of a deliberate denial that there was a moral order in the world, and that virtue and vice, good and evil, were anything better than creations of the poet's fancy, good enough to sing of and write essays on, but which no man of affairs was to be expected to treat as realities. This is bad enough, in all conscience, but what is worse and most repulsive is that among the names of the persons whose pens are now busiest and tongues loudest in abusing the President for maladministration, and who affect most sorrow at his absence from a friend's death-bed, one finds those of men who cordially recommended the appointments which have most disgraced his Administration and most shocked those who have honored and trusted him. There may be ways of showing greater contempt for the popular conscience and understanding than all this displays, but we are glad to say we do not know what they are.

FALL PROSPECTS.

THE merchants of the city generally give a rather favorable account of the present condition and immediate prospects of the fall trade. Certain kinds of goods are scarce and maintain their prices, Southern buyers are laying in liberal stocks, and the conceded abundance of our main crop staples leads every one to anticipate a healthy demand from all other sections. In spite of this buoyant feeling in commercial circles there must, however, be, for some reason or other, a great disturbance in our general national activity; for we find that, apart from city merchants, complaints of dulness and unprofitable trade far exceed anticipation. In looking over the daily papers for two or three weeks past, for the purpose of confirming the results of our own enquiries, and enabling us to give intelligently our usual fall discussion, we are surprised to find how many and how strikingly unfavorable facts we have unconsciously gathered. We cannot do better than reprint in logical order the principal of our extracts, many of which have, no doubt, been already noticed by readers of the daily papers:

"At a meeting of mill-owners and others interested in the lumber trade, held at Williamsport [Pa.], yesterday, it was resolved that but one-half of the usual stock of lumber be cut and manufactured for 1870."

"At Machias, Me., there is estimated to be a three years' supply of logs for all the saw-mills up and down the river. Lumber-dealers complain of a harder season than has been known for ten years. Real estate is much depreciated, and can be bought for 25 per cent. less than two years ago."

"The Lowell cotton-mills are endeavoring to close their establishments for three weeks, in order that stocks may be diminished and prices advance to a remunerating rate."

"The cotton factory at Harrisburg suspended operations for a time on Saturday last."

"Some of the New England mills have suspended operations, and the large mills of Fall River contemplate running on short time until trade assumes a more encouraging aspect."

"The origin of the coal-miners' strike unquestionably was the production of coal in excess of the demand, and consequent decline in the price to a figure at which every ton raised involved somebody in loss."

"There are at this moment strikes among plate-printers, coal-miners, ship-builders, journeymen tailors, and shoemakers."

"Along the Hudson River many brickyards have suspended operations owing to the low price of brick."

"The number of unoccupied houses in this city is greater than at any season since 1861."

"There are more dwellings and stores to let than at any time for several years past. The demand for new buildings is limited, and there is a prospect of a further reduction in wages."

"Real estate in Philadelphia has experienced a considerable decline. There is a glut of houses in the market."

"Real estate in San Francisco is far less salable than it was six months since, and outside lots are totally unsalable."

"The woollen goods market is decidedly dull, and heavy stocks are on hand."

"We have a magnificent crop of wheat, unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in quantity, and wholly acceptable on the average in quality."

"Last fall, red wheat in the interior of Michigan was \$2 25; this summer, the same wheat sold at \$1 25."

"Acres of berries are left unpicked; wagon-loads of the finest melons are left in the field or fed to cattle; apples, tomatoes, and other articles of the crop are left ungathered, because it does not pay."

"Western merchants complain that trade is in a very unsatisfactory state."

"Freights are so low that the canals of this State cannot now be navigated at rates that will pay."

"The rates at which freights are now carried on all the through lines are daily involving the carriers in loss."

"The Common Council of Chicago authorized the increase of the police force to the extent of seventy-five men. Commissioner Littworth informs me that within three days there were over 3,000 applications."

"The number of beggars who bar one's progress or invade one's dwelling or office for alms is steadily on the increase."

"The total number of persons receiving out-door relief during the last year in Philadelphia was 85,322."

The foregoing are about one-half of the facts of a similar tenor gathered during the last three weeks from four daily papers—the *Times*, *Herald*, *Evening Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser*. They all point in one direction: abundant crops, abundant stocks of goods, plenty of houses, lumber, bricks, building material, coal, plenty of railroads, canals, mills, and mines, but yet a general want of prosperity, generally unprofitable business, and a large number of people unemployed.

What does it mean? Have we produced too much coal, too much lumber, too much wheat, and too much of other crops of the field? Have we woven too much cotton and woollen cloth, built too many houses and mills and railroads and canals? Can it be that we have produced too much? Can we produce too much?

There can be but one answer to this question. We can never produce too much. As long as one human being on the face of the earth hungers or thirsts, we can never produce too much food. As long as one human being suffers cold, we can never produce too much coal. As long as one human being sleeps homeless and houseless on door-steps or under shelter of the trees, or breathes rheumatism and ague from damp cellars, or breeds pestilence in crowded tenements, so long we can never build too many houses. So long as one poor child wears rags, we are not producing cloth enough. So long as one human soul thirsts after joy or knowledge, or one human body in vain seeks comfort, so long must it be evident that there is not joy or knowledge or comfort enough produced by our labor, and all men must strive on to produce more. Yet everywhere men seem to be engaged in diminishing production. Coal-miners seek to force a diminished production of coal by strikes. Lumbermen seek to force a diminished production by agreement. Cotton-printers seek to force a diminished production by suspension of labor. The whole Southern press is filled with urgent advice to the planters not to raise too much cotton. Why is it?

Production seems no longer profitable. Western farmers complain that they can scarcely exist on the present prices of their products. It is a fact that large quantities of garden produce even in the neighborhood of large cities have not paid for the gathering. Coal-miners claim that, until the recent strike, they were producing at a loss. House-builders are discouraged, woollen and cotton mills are losing money. Merchants and mechanics alike complain that they are earning nothing. What is the reason?

The reason is not that we are producing more than usual. The reason is that we are consuming less. In spite of nominally high wages, the great mass of the working-classes—the great bulk of the consumers throughout the country—are less able to purchase commodities than they were a few years ago. The great mass of the people are not prosperous. War, taxation, and a protective tariff have impoverished us beyond belief. There is less wealth in the country; and of what there is, as Commissioner Wells has well shown, more is in the hands of the rich, and less in the hands of the poor. As long as the feverish activity of war and the scarcely less feverish activity of returning peace continued, so long was it possible to maintain the delusion of our prosperity, so long did reckless consumption continue, and labor was fully employed at seemingly remunerative rates. But as soon as the country was blessed with one fair harvest, and the first symptoms of a decline in the prevailing preposterous high prices set in, and people began to take a calm account of stock, then the truth began to dawn on people's minds. Economy slowly and timidly sought to supplant extravagance; people began to scrutinize the price of what they bought; trade slackened; merchants beat the manufacturers down; the manufacturers sought to reduce wages; and then came strikes and labor unions, and the dawn of the great conflict between capital and labor, which, with its inevitable ultimate harmonious settlement, is to mark with greatest prominence this era of industrial progress. Precisely a year ago the *Nation* pointed out that the bubble of high prices could not outlast one good, abundant crop of grain; that the decline would

involve everybody in loss, would diminish every one's ability to purchase products, and would speedily result in a great stagnation of business. The assertion was received with derision, and has not, indeed, been fairly borne out by events. For although, so far, the year has been anything but a prosperous one, yet nothing like the widespread distress which we anticipated has as yet been seen. In truth, the premises upon which our argument was based proved false. Some of the great crops upon which everybody counted proved to be no great crops after all. The cotton crop, from which so much was expected, fell even below the light crop of the previous year; and the wheat crop, though it yielded superbly, was not fully felt upon the general markets until this summer, owing to the desperate speculation both among farmers and dealers. But, in spite of this partial putting off of the evil day, there has been witnessed enough during the last six months to prove that our abundant crops have not prevented an unprofitable trade. If prices continue to decline in the present ratio, as they inevitably must, if our crops are really good, we shall see an early revival of the great labor struggle, that seems for the moment hushed.

With declining prices, and diminished demand for products, manufacturers must seek to reduce wages. Workmen can scarcely live decently on present wages, and refuse to submit to further reduction. The manufacturers must either work at a loss or stop work. The terrible calamity at Avondale has for the moment superseded the miners' strike in the thoughts of men; but that strike is a most noteworthy illustration of what is going on everywhere throughout the country. Each decline in the price of coal reduced the wages of the miners, until they claimed they could not subsist upon their earnings. The coal-mine owners saw no means to stop the reduction without advancing the selling price of coal. This could only be accomplished by stopping work entirely. The men consented, but at what a sacrifice! The thirty-day suspension has lasted ten weeks, and the whole mining region is distressed and impoverished. Few people realize what suffering is entailed upon whole communities by the suspension of work among any one class. The three leading stores in Hyde Park—one of the mining towns—saw their average monthly sales reduced from \$22,000 to \$7,400 during the strike; and even then they had to sell largely on credit. All other branches of business suffer in proportion. This is what takes place everywhere during strikes and labor suspensions; and if the decline in prices is, as seems inevitable, to continue, how can further strikes and further suspensions be avoided? And will not each suspension still further diminish the consuming power of the people, still further reduce the profits of production, and cause prices to decline still further? We see no hope for a permanent, healthy revival of business until all classes of the community, rich and poor alike, awake to the folly of their recent extravagance and wastefulness, and return to their former ways of economy and simple thrift. That awakening will only come through suffering.

MANUAL LABOR.

Nobody who watches the discussions about the "labor problem" can help wishing most sincerely that in this field of enquiry at least a reconciliation could be effected between preaching and practice. At present they are as wide as the poles apart. In the ancient world, manual labor was not unnaturally despised; and, in fact, no kind of labor was held in very high repute. Robbery, either wholesale or retail, was the favorite mode of making provision for one's old age. Whatever work had to be done from day to day to make life possible, was imposed as far as possible on slaves. Labor was openly and unblushingly spoken of as disgusting and degrading. Under this theory, however, the world went rapidly to the dogs, until, in the eighth century, hardly anybody in Europe owned anything or knew anything. The general neglect of labor and the general taste for pillage, protracted through several centuries, had left society in rags and starvation, and here the church stepped in, and started it once more on the road to civilization by preaching up manual labor as a noble and elevating and pious pursuit, not only useful to man, but well pleasing to God. Since then it has never lost its high place in the books and schools and churches. The dignity of manual labor is taught to all children, it is preached from the pulpit, and lauded by moralists in their essays, and sung by poets. Everybody knows, from the very dawning of his consciousness, that the value of what he does depends on the spirit in which he does it; that if a

floor be swept in a proper frame of mind, the occupation of the sweeper is just as fine and respectable as that of the legislator or philosopher.

Partly under the influence of this teaching, and partly under the influence of the general growth of humanitarian feeling, the workingman—by which we mean the manual laborer—has risen in the social scale, and he is now acknowledged on all hands to be as good as anybody. The reason given for not admitting him into genteel circles is no longer that he is not as good as the people who compose them, but that difference of tastes and habits would not make the association agreeable to either party. His growing intelligence, too, and growing power of combination, and consequently political and social power—that is, power of imposing his will on others by inconveniencing the community if it does not listen to him—have, of course, both given increased weight to his opinions and respectability to his pursuits.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, with all the teaching and preaching, there is nothing which everybody in the community—we do not believe this is too sweeping a statement—more carefully and strenuously avoids if he can than manual labor. Of course, there is in European countries a large admixture, in the prejudice against it, of the old feudal taste for highway robbery; but then, after making due allowance for the effect of European traditions even on our social ideas, we must admit that there are few countries in the world in which the desire to escape manual labor by hook or by crook is stronger, or more constant, or more widely diffused than it is in this. No duke ever took more pains to avoid having to use spade or pickaxe than the average American youth of our day; and it must be admitted he has been extraordinarily successful, for most of the manual labor of the country is done by foreigners. The persons who furnish all the praise of it, and preach its dignity and delights, and who want to have it made compulsory in colleges, are never workingmen in the common sense of the term. Some of them call themselves so, owing to their having worked with their hands in their youth—that is, when they had to do it in order to subsist. But there is not one of them who ever worked in this way one minute longer than he could help—that is, one minute after he had found his way into some calling in which brains were more useful than muscle. Some of the greatest enthusiasts about manual toil we have amongst us are men who toiled manually just as long as was necessary to make themselves preachers, or lawyers, or editors, or teachers, or speculators, or capitalists; but not one minute longer. So that their whole careers give the lie in a very point-blank way to their preaching.

Now, we cannot help thinking that the talk of this class, and, in fact, of the whole non-laboring class, about the dignity and delights of manual toil, has had, and is having, a very unfavorable influence on the labor problem, because it has had, and *has*, a very unfavorable influence on the feelings which the workingmen bring to the discussion of it. It was an easy thing for mediæval monks to teach mediæval serfs that not only was labor a duty, but a highly elevating and dignified employment, because the monks practised what they preached, and really made their hoeing and ploughing expressions of devout feeling. In talking in this way about labor, they were unconsciously going through the necessary process of adapting the code of morals to the social exigencies of the age. The world was full of violence, of insecurity, and poverty. The race was sinking into the blackest barbarism, because some men would not work and others had no motive to work. Something had to be done to glorify toil and supply a motive for engaging in it—the ordinary motive, the hope of enjoying its fruits, being for the moment no longer in existence. But when merchants, and bankers, and capitalists, and Protestant clergymen, and editors, and lecturers took up the tale, and after getting up in the morning about eight o'clock, putting on clean linen, taking a leisurely breakfast with their families, reading the papers, went to their snug offices or libraries, and began in their easy-chairs to paint the delights of rising at six, putting on a greasy or mud-bedaubed suit, and hurrying to dig all day long in a wet ditch or hammer in a smoky forge, and recommended all men to follow it as a truly noble, not to say sacred, calling, the theory began rapidly to break down. Workingmen began to feel that they were the objects of an elaborate but very transparent attempt at imposition. They saw the preachers not only avoiding manual labor themselves, but doing their best to save their sons from it. They accordingly began to suspect the whole body of what are called "educated men" of humbug, or something very like it. Bible quotations in glorification of labor produced very much the same effect on them that similar quotations in reference to the doom of Ham and the duty of Onesimus used to produce on the Abolitionists—that is to say, instead of laboring with rapture, and considering themselves lucky in

being laborers, they throw the Bible overboard, and in nearly every European country regard the clergy with the greatest hostility as the natural allies of the capitalist. When the clean-shaven, oval-nailed, well-booted, and well-tailored lawyer or doctor or banker tells them that he is a workingman himself, and that the only difference between him and them is that he works with his head and they with their hands, they simply laugh derisively. He is nevertheless right; he is a workingman, and his work is a good deal harder and more useful than theirs; and if it were not for it, they would be serfs under the lash or howling savages in the wilderness; but when he pretends to consider the laborer's work as being just as agreeable and dignified as his—as work, in short, to be liked for its own sake, just as his own—he is guilty of an attempt at deception which is now hardly ever successful.

It seems as if the time had come when this elaborate attempt to keep up this amiable fiction about labor should be dropped. The time for fictions, whether legal or moral, has passed away. Workingmen are no longer either ignorant or simple-minded. They know perfectly well that muscular toil is not agreeable; that nobody likes it, and none less than those who most pretend to revere it. The history of the human mind—that is, of what is most valuable in human nature—is in large part the history of efforts to escape it, of discoveries and inventions which lessen the necessity of it. But one of the curious and certainly unlooked-for results of the prevailing cant about manual labour is, that it has filled the heads of the workingmen—as one may see by the reports of their conventions—with the notion that, disagreeable as their occupation is, it is the only important one in the world; and that a perfect state of society—that is, the state to be aimed at in all legislation—would be one in which everybody would be forced to work with his hands, and all capitalists, exchangers, distributors, and professional men, except perhaps teachers and a few clerks, be unknown. In fact, everybody who does not handle a tool of some kind in his daily occupation is getting to be spoken of at the labor conventions as a drone, whom society would do well to take in hand. The sapient movement amongst some of our amateur educators to have manual labor made compulsory at colleges helps to spread and deepen the impression; and we see that some of the English Radicals are now raising the question whether there can be such a thing as real "culture" without manual labor, and whether our faculties would not be all improved if each of us had to devote one little seventh part of one horse-power every day to the production of some material result.

It is high time there were an end to all this, and that this most important social problem of the day were discussed in the language of soberness and truth, and in accordance with the facts of life. It is the duty of everybody, and the necessity of most people, to work, steadily and habitually; but it is ridiculous to pretend that muscular labor is one whit more respectable or useful than any other kind of labor. It is, of course, necessary to civilization; but no more so than, and indeed not so much so as, brain labor. Men may live, and do live by the million, as rude barbarians, elevated but little in thought or feeling above their beasts of burden, by mere manual toil; but for all progress, in the best sense of the word—for nearly all the comforts and enjoyments of life—we are indebted to brain labor; and nobody would suffer more from anything like neglect of brain labor than the working class. One kind of labor is, in fact, just as necessary to the race, considered as rational beings, as another. But the comparative moral and social value of different kinds of labor is to be estimated by their influence on character, and it is simply preposterous to pretend that manual laborers are juster, truer, more humane, more upright and self-controlled than clerks, or lawyers, or shopkeepers. There is nothing in their calling to make them so; while it is notorious that all muscular toil exercises a more or less deadening influence on the mental perceptions, and does, therefore, in some ways, hinder rather than help moral culture.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBUNE AND "A CHINA MERCHANT."

THE *Tribune* on Saturday last called attention to the fact that the phrases in its article, "How to Deal with China," on which our correspondent, "A China Merchant," commented so severely last week, as being insulting to American merchants, were in reality directed expressly and exclusively against the British China merchants, and it wonders how, therefore, a respectable journal like the *Nation* could admit such a letter as "A China Merchant's." To which we reply that, in the first

place, we do not guarantee the accuracy of correspondents' statements, or exact as a condition of publication from writers willing to put a signature to their letters anything except that they should have something to say which, *prima facie*, seems worth saying, and that they should abstain from scurrilous abuse of individuals—the adoption of which rule, we may add, would, in the opinion of many good people, strengthen the *Tribune's* own claims to respectability, and would certainly increase its usefulness. In the second place, we have not ourselves studied the *Tribune's* articles on Chinese affairs with the care which perhaps they merit, since the time when we saw that it committed the task of explaining and defending the Burlingame treaty in its columns to "Mark Twain," the comic writer—a task which he performed in four or five columns of as humorous matter as has ever flowed from his lively pen. One looks to that gentleman for entertainment, and a good deal of it, but not for information as to Chinese politics or for expositions of public law. In the third place, our correspondent's error was not quite so serious as the extract published by the *Tribune* would seem to show. Its article was throughout directed against opinions which the American colony in China holds in common with the British, and to which Mr. Browne was replying in the very letters which brought him under the *Tribune's* bludgeon, and its whole tenor would have warranted the impression that it was directed in reality as much against one as the other, even if it had not wound up as follows: "Let a minister be sent to China whose name will carry influence with it, and whose force of character will secure him against being made the instrument of a greedy and reckless knot of European and American traders." This looks certainly as if, in the opinion of the writer, the American China merchants would do well to keep out of sight whenever the devil comes to get the British. We may add that "A China Merchant" is one of the most respected members of as respectable a class as the country produces—men who are in every way an honor to it—and when China comes up for discussion, some of us might spend our time worse than in listening to what they say—in writing about China, for instance. We add a word of explanation just received from him:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I observe some remarks in the *Tribune* of to-day respecting my note to you of the 4th inst. I regret that its publication should have brought any attack upon yourself. There was one important omission in it, and that was, that the words "and English" were not added to the word "American" merchants.

The letters of both communities in Shanghai express the same sentiments, and Mr. Browne's reply was addressed to them in common; and it seemed to me that the strictures of the *Tribune* were intended for both, although, in general, the name of only one of them was mentioned. The *Tribune* evidently disclaims such intention, and would confine its remarks exclusively to the English; but they are just as inapplicable to the one as to the other. The English letter to Mr. Browne was signed by all the merchants of the first respectability in Shanghai, and they are as honorable and good men as any of the merchants of London or New York. How the *Tribune* can maintain consistency in intimating that these gentlemen, without exception, "are narrow-minded, selfish, and grasping traders, who have squatted in the open ports of China, who would force their principles and their trade down the throats of the Chinese people," and so forth, and then deny that these strictures have any application to Americans who occupy the same position and openly avow the same sentiments, I am unable to see. Anyhow, the assault is equally reprehensible whether it was intended for only one, or for both the foreign communities of Shanghai.

The *Tribune* has the right to express its own opinions upon the Chinese question, or any other, as it pleases; but when it assails a whole community with indiscriminate and scandalous reproaches, such as we have noted, it may well expect a retort.

A CHINA MERCHANT.

NEW YORK, September 11, 1869.

THE "HARVARD 'RAH'" A VERY GOOD CHEER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent on the subject of the "Harvard 'Rah'" in this week's *Nation* is, I think, mistaken both as to when and why it originated. The facts, if I remember aright, are these: Just before the Presidential election of 1864, those students whose politics were Republican decided to join the monster Republican torchlight procession that was to

march through Boston, and, desiring to have something by which to distinguish their voices from those of the various other political clubs, determined to adopt this peculiar cheer. Once adopted, the charm of novelty, and the satisfaction felt at having a mode of expressing their feelings peculiarly their own, induced not only them, but the whole college, to continue the use of it. It is now known everywhere as the Harvard cheer, and, so far from being "devoid of life and beyond the pale of human sympathy," as suggested by your correspondent, I think it would be hard to invent anything more invigorating or life-inspiring than the quick "Rah, rah, rah," as shot out by a crowd of excited young fellows. To prove that it is not wholly beyond the pale of sympathy, I would simply instance one case that struck me forcibly at the time, when, at the breaking camp this summer of our crack military corps, during the customary cheering for the officers, when the name of a special favorite came up, it was proposed, in addition to the three cheers, that they should be Harvard cheers, which were heartily given, much to the apparent satisfaction of the entire corps, although scarcely a half-dozen of those present were Harvard graduates.

Yours respectfully,

F.

BOSTON, September 11.

ANTI-SLAVERY REMINISCENCES—A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your suggestion in your mention of the recent book of the Rev. Mr. May, that other anti-slavery leaders should contribute their reminiscences of the times, reminds me of a series of letters contributed to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, by a certain "D. Y.," which I have always thought were among the very best and wittiest contributions to newspaper literature I ever read. There are some two hundred of them, and a selection would make one of the wittiest and most truthful contributions imaginable to the history of those sorrowful times, though I fear the reputation of some of the big-wigged respectabilities of the past would suffer.

To save Mr. "D. Y.'s" modesty, I will not name him. I will only say that he is a master of English style in one of its most difficult forms—letter-writing. His manner is as good as Horace Walpole's; his matter much better worth reading.

A.

BOSTON, September 11, 1869.

AGAINST REMOVING THE CAPITAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In speaking of removing "the Federal capital" in your last issue, you say: "There is really only one objection to the scheme—or, rather, only one thing to be said in favor of Washington—and that is, the expense would be enormous, owing to the abandonment of the Government buildings."

Now, it seems to me you could not have considered this subject with that deliberation which you are wont to give matters about which you treat. The expense, it is true, should constitute a very serious objection, as it would not be less, probably, than a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and might run up to two hundred millions, and require not less than twenty, and very likely thirty, years for its accomplishment.

But allow me to present one or two other objections to the scheme which appear to me worthy of consideration, and which did not suggest themselves to your mind.

The Government, acting under the authority of a provision of the Constitution, entered into a compact with the States of Maryland and Virginia for a tract of country ten miles square, "for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." The territory was ceded to the United States for that purpose, and no other. A contract was made with the owners of the soil upon which the Federal city stands, by which Government became possessed in fee of a large portion of lots of the city, together with the streets, avenues, alleys, and public squares, for the sole purpose of founding a city which should be, as Congress declared, "the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." These lots have been sold from time to time, and the proceeds have gone into the public treasury. What gave value to them, and what was the inducement to purchase? Simply the fact that this had been made by Congress "the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." This constituted their *whole* value. The public faith was pledged as solemnly as it ever was for anything, that this should remain *permanently* the seat of government; and, relying on that faith, individuals have invested millions of dollars in real estate and in building: let this public faith be violated by the removal of the seat of government, and these investments would become comparatively valueless. To the holder of real estate here, and the holder of U. S. bonds,

it would be nearly equally disastrous whether the seat of government should be removed, or the Government should repudiate its public debt. In either case, the public faith would be violated, and a stupendous wrong done.

The city which bears the revered name of Washington is the offspring of "The Father of his Country;" it was founded expressly for the seat of government, with streets and avenues such as no other city in the world has, from sixty to one hundred and eighty feet wide; the streets crossing each other at right angles, and the broad avenues running diagonally across them and crossing each other, leaving at their intersection large open spaces; the streets, avenues, and alleys thus taking up an unusual proportion of the city, and making it very expensive and burdensome to light and keep them in order. What use to any city but the capital of a great nation are such broad avenues and such wide streets? They would be only a detriment to a commercial or manufacturing city.

Is the fact that the permanent location of the seat of government at this place was one of the objects nearest the heart of Washington no objection to its removal? To my mind, the removal would show hardly less regard for him than the entire destruction of his house and tomb at Mount Vernon; the sacredness of his name could never attach to any other place. Let the capital once start upon its travels, and it could never be considered *permanent* anywhere, and might move on until it reached Santa Fé or Mexico. *Cui bono?*

I could suggest many other objections to this scheme; but fear that in doing so I should require more space than you would be willing to accord me.

N. SARGENT.

WASHINGTON, September 6, 1869.

[Another letter by Mr. Sargent we have seen, in which he insists strongly on his point that Congress, by accepting the District of Columbia as "the *permanent* seat of government of the United States," bound itself for all time, so that it is debarred from ever removing the capital. But at any given moment Congress is omnipotent within its sphere, and is only bound by moral considerations to be equitable in reimbursing parties, be they States or individuals, which may be injured by its revocation in the public interest of a compact into which it has entered. The further question which has been raised, as to whether the removal of the capital is within the sphere of Congress, does not seem to us doubtful. The Constitution refers to the subject only in the words which give Congress power of exclusive legislation "over such district as may by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress become the seat of government of the United States." It was in virtue of inferences from this clause—inferences how drawn we do not know—that the retrocession of Alexandria County to Virginia was stigmatized as unconstitutional by John Quincy Adams in 1846; but the Supreme Court never expressed the same opinion, though it is told traditionally in Washington that Mr. Bates, sometime Attorney-General, was, by implication, committed to Mr. Adams's view. However all this may be, a new amendment would settle the question, and would perhaps be as easy to get as an Act of Congress. But the question is hardly a living one, we should say. We know of only one argument in its favor that seems to be of weight: we might find our advantage in governing this Metropolitan District of ours by Congress instead of by Tammany.—ED. NATION.]

TWO MISTRANSLATIONS BY CARL BENSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "Carl Benson," writes on so many subjects, and usually so well on literary ones, that any mistake on his part may do harm to the reading world at large, as well as grieve the soul of the sympathetic scholar.

In his article in your No. 218, Vol. IX., entitled "A Mistranslation by Lord Byron," he corrects one mistake of the poet and makes two of his own. The first consists in mistaking the Spanish conjunction, *que*, "that"—denoting the subjunctive—for the pronoun *quien*, "who." In the second he translates the perfect subjunctive, *que oyera*, as if it was the perfect indicative, *oyó*.

He quotes the stanza in which lies Byron's mistake, and, not having access to the original, I quote from him; although I suspect a misprint in the last word of the last line—i. e., that, instead of *hablara*, it should be *hablara*:

"Fuego por los ojos vierte
El Rey que esto oyera,
Y como el otro de leyes,
De leyes tambien habia."

And he translates the stanza as, "literally:"

"The king, who heard this, darted fire from his eyes, and, as the other (had spoken) of laws, he spoke of laws also."

The last word, "also," *tambien*, is the point at which Byron made his misstep, taking it as *tan bien*, "so well."

Now, the stanza, word for word, reads in English thus:

"Fire, by the eyes, turns
The King, that this he should hear;
And as the other of laws,
Of laws also spake he."

"or, metrically:"

"That he should hear such speech, in fire
The King turns towards him eyes of fire,
And as the other laws had named,
Of laws he, too, his answer framed."

Carl Benson and all other critics should keep in mind the proverb:
"Ne trébuchez pas en ramassant."

A. I. IEZ.

[The stumbling was not so very great, however. "Carl Benson's" attention was directed towards the material alteration in the sense which was made by Byron's error, and not towards making a translation nicely exact, especially of the lines which were not in question. The original, we may inform Mr. Diez, has *hablara* and not *hablara*, which latter would not so well conform to the principle of versification observed in the poem.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co.'s list announcing their books to be published in September is not a very long one, but contains the titles of several interesting works. "Caliphs and Sultans" consists, we are told, of "Tales not included in the Arabian Nights"—which is a remark that might be made of most tales, but by which it is probably intended that we should understand the volume to contain newer stories drawn from the same source as those which we have in the greatest of story-books—the only story-book that is important at once in the literature for adults and in the literature for children. "The Reasoning Power of Animals" is by the Rev. John Selby Watson, who takes sides against the thinkers—if there are now any such—who deny that the inferior animals, or many of them, have a portion of the reason which is possessed by man. "Phosphorescence, or the Emission of Light by Minerals, Plants, and Animals," is by T. L. Phipson, an Englishman of science. The Appletons, like half-a-dozen other publishers, dip into the French Library of Wonders, and announce as in press "Meteors, Aerolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena." "Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages" we have once mentioned in our notices of English works as a book translated from the French by Mr. Charles Boutell, who furnishes notes, a preface, and a supplementary chapter on arms and armor in England. Mrs. Hemans's complete poetical works are to appear in the cheap Globe Edition of the poets which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are publishing. "The Bellevue and Charity Hospital Reports" are contained in one volume, from the hand of Dr. W. A. Hammond. We cannot undertake to mention all the announcements of children's books which are now being put forth by our publishers, and we do not regret it, because, except in a few instances, the names of book and author are alike in having no exact meaning in the ears of our readers. Such of the "juveniles" as we think worth notice we shall be able to speak of before the holidays. We may, however, here say that for Miss Edgeworth's books in new editions the purchaser may look to Messrs. Kelly & Piet; that Mr. Duffield Ashmead is going to publish a translation, done by Mr. Charles A. Dana, of a German story-book, called "Nutmacker and Sugar Dolly;" that "Peter Parley" and "Mother Goose" without any abridgment, are to be had from Mr. James Miller; and that the commendable "Chinaman in California," which came out last year, and is a very good book for Sunday-school libraries, and not a bad book for other places, will be followed by "The Back Court," written by the same author, and published by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Publication Committee. The "one-syllable" literature, about the possession of which there was a hot quarrel and a newspaper controversy awhile ago between some of the publishers and the inventor of it, seems to have got into

almost everybody's hands—almost every seller's; we cannot say we hope it goes into the hands of many buyers. Messrs. Felt & Dillingham now announce some of it, and so does Mr. James Miller, and so, of course, do Messrs. Routledge & Co., the authorized publishers.—Mr. James Campbell, of Boston, publishes "The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or, Polygamy and Monogamy Compared," and compared much to the advantage of polygamy, we believe. Robert Carter & Brothers have in press an autobiography and memoir of F. W. Krummacher; the fifth volume of D'Aubigné's "Reformation;" "Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children;" "The Shepherd of Israel; or, Illustrations of the Inner Life," by the Rev. Mr. Duncan Macgregor; "The Crown without the Conflict," by the Rev. Mr. R. H. Lundie, and several religious "juveniles." Mr. Duffield Ashmead has in press a "Red-line" "Christian Year," and the same work in an illuminated edition—its designs being by Jean Lee.—Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons announce two of Arthur Mangin's well-known works—the "Mysteries of the Ocean" and the "Desert World," which they will issue in an illustrated edition—one like their last year's edition of "The Bird." Messrs. Sever & Francis announce De Toqueville's "American Institutions;" a "Handy Volume Edition" of Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise, and (also a "handy volume") Mr. C. F. Alexander's "Sunday Book of Poetry." Mr. W. J. Widdleton has in preparation a Globe edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," which still have a public rather larger than the one which appreciates the designs, and considerably larger than the one which is taken by the cleverness of the versification. The same publisher announces a new edition of a work which has been for some time out of print in America, if we are not mistaken—Milman's "Latin Christianity." Messrs. Lippincott's, Fields, Osgood & Co.'s, and Hurd & Houghton's, fall lists have already been noticed. For the legal works in Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s list, and the technical scientific works in Mr. D. Van Nostrand's, we must refer our readers to the catalogues of those houses, or the publications devoted exclusively to the trade.

—"Circular No. 2" for the current year, recently issued from the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, is the unpromising official title of an important and interesting addition to the literature of practical surgery. It is in fact a complete and exhaustive monograph on "Excisions of the Head of the Femur for Gunshot Injury," in the form of a report to the Surgeon-General by Assistant Surgeon and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Otis. The sagacious forethought which signaled a change in the administration in the Surgeon-General's office early in the second year of the late war, not only by the liberal reorganization of the hospital system of the army, but by the establishment of the now unequalled Army Medical Museum, and by the reformation of the statistical method previously employed, has its fruition partly in this document and similar ones which have preceded it. A "Report on the Materials for a Medical and Surgical History of the War," one on "Amputations at the Hip Joint," and the magnificent *catalogue raisonné* of the Army Medical Museum—a great illustrated quarto, like "Webster's Unabridged"—are among these. They are all of them works most honorable to medical literature. All of them bear the marks of unstinted and well-directed labor; and the present "Circular No. 2" is really a marvel of research. What with anonymous bones coming to excite curiosity and baffle enquiry; what with scrappy reports of cases, begun amid the hurry and stress of the battle-field, continued in the hastily-extemporized hospital, and ended in the disappearance of the patient in "the dim innane" of transfer or furlough, we may imagine the classifier of specimens and digester of reports exclaiming, in the words of another physician, "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily, perhaps, by spirits." "A question above antiquarianism" must be allowed a tough one, in our time no less than in Sir Thomas Browne's; but by diligent following up of slender clues, and by assiduous correspondence (much of it with ex-Confederate surgeons, who seem generally to have responded with creditable promptness and good-temper), Dr. Otis has been able to present reasonably full histories of sixty-three cases of the operation in question, performed in both armies during the war of the rebellion. He has at the same time rendered the equally important service of eliminating from the records several spurious and replicated cases. The small number of five successes strikes the unprofessional reader with something like horror that this operation should ever be attempted, until he learns the dread alternative offered if excision be rejected—either

the frightful amputation of nearly a quarter of the body, or the abandonment of a man, perhaps otherwise sound and vigorous, to a death of slow torture, from a wound which may be of small extent and involving no part necessary to life. After all, we have stout and ebrious "Private Hugh Wright," with an incredible number of inches gone from the top of his *os femoris*, eloping from the hospital, and becoming invisible to the admiring eye of surgery, by reason of a clear vocation he had to carry hodfuls of bricks up high ladders. Hugh admits with apparent reluctance that he found this work too heavy, and had to change it for mowing and wood-chopping. Dr. Otis's report leads him inevitably into the region of medical polemics, whose atmosphere is not always of the serenest; but we are bound to admit his candor of tone and freedom from special pleading. He who intrenches himself behind the histories of "over twenty thousand major amputations, and of more than four thousand excisions of the larger joints," with an *abattis* of something like five thousand surgical specimens, can afford to carry on a discussion without passion or prejudice. When the history of the medical service in the war of the rebellion is finished, it will establish one fact that deserves to be better known than it now is—that the business of life-saving was then done more thoroughly and successfully than ever before in a great war.

—The *American Sovereign* is the name which is to be borne by a new fortnightly paper, which will be published partly for the sake of discussing Social Science, Literature, and Rural Affairs, but mainly "in the interest of political purity and in opposition to organized knavery." "More pressing and urgent than any other question before the people," says the prospectus, "is the great and overshadowing question of political corruption; and what we must first do is to terrify the party hacks and greedy plunderers, and secure honest men to fill public offices. Two dollars a year will be the price of this journal, to which we wish plenty of courage, an independence of libel suits, and all the success to which good service in a righteous cause entitles journals. The proprietors of the *American Sovereign* state their intention of publishing at an early day a contribution to the history of American politics since the Rebellion, which they will call "The Era of Dishonesty," and which they intend to make a historical record of corruption and fraud under the reign of the Rings. Venal legislators, corrupt judges, and rascally politicians are to be treated with strict justice—or rather, we should say, judicial corruption, legislative venality, and political iniquity; for here again one is embarrassed by fear of libel suits, and by the difficulty of proving what everybody knows to be true, and is driven away from particulars into vague generalities. However, let the book be prepared with real ability, so that it may be read—prepared, as Cobbett would have prepared it, rather than as if it had been done by the writers of the "Federalist"—and the American sovereigns will read it, and in good time, we may be sure, will act on it, sometimes at least, and to some purpose. 36 Dey Street, in this city, is the new paper's address.

—We have had occasion once or twice to mention the *Church Union*, and we cannot say we have ever praised it for its good behavior or its ability. But it has now fallen into better hands than those which managed it before, and we may fairly expect a great change for the better, both in its matter and its manners. It certainly is changed for the better in its outward appearance, and is now far handsomer and handier than before. Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. are the new publishers, and they have induced Mr. Henry Ward Beecher to promise that he will at once become a regular contributor, and that by-and-by his connection with it shall be closer, and that he will work in an editorial capacity. Just how close his connection is to be we are not informed and do not know, but on the first day of January next he is to give a full exposition of the plans and purposes of the journal, and then we may learn. His contributions in the immediate future are to consist of his sermons from week to week, phonographically reported, and some, if not all, of his "lecture-room talks." These latter are perhaps even better liked and calculated to be more useful to the readers of the paper than even the sermons. We doubt if, except in saying one thing, we should add much to that complete description of the new paper which is implied in the statement that it is to express Mr. Beecher's views and opinions. That one thing is the promise of the proprietors that an arena will be provided where, free from denominational trammels, opposing views will be heard in courteous debate.

—The *Philadelphia Photographer* for September and the last number of the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* describe independently the new English (Woodbury) process for obtaining plates for printing from photo-

graphic negatives. Goupil & Co., of Paris, have put it into practical and apparently successful operation, and the subscribers of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (May and June) and the *Photographische Mittheilungen* (August) have already had specimen prints of a very satisfactory character. Apparently, the producing capacity of the plates is all-sufficient, and, what is of great consequence, the impressions correspond to right and left in nature. In this was the grand defect of the Albert process, which reversed all the objects that it copied, and was thus greatly restricted in usefulness, though some of the proofs which we saw were wonderfully fine in detail and in gradation of tones. Mr. Woodbury, however, instead of printing directly from the gelatinous surface which he first treats with his negative, uses it in forming a matrix like a copper-plate engraving, in which, as is well-known, the lights are raised and the darks sunk. This transfer ensures the restoration of right and left in the impression, and the printing consists in pouring upon the plate a warm solution of colored gelatine, and then bringing it under the press. Unlike the Albertotype, the Woodbury picture must be printed on a peculiar surface, and owing to its great delicacy its cost when mounted is double that of the unmounted proof; and, as yet, the expense is but little less than in ordinary photography. Of course there is a gain in permanence.

—Before leaving the two journals first-named, we will allude somewhat further to their contents. The *Photographer* gives on a single sheet four views of the late solar eclipse, one having been taken at the totality. They are followed by reports of the various expeditions in this country to photograph the rare phenomenon, their modes of photographing, success, and general adventures, some of which, among the ignorant and superstitious, were quite amusing. The number is well worth preserving as a souvenir. In the *Zeitschrift* we remark another of the admirable etchings from paintings in the Brunswick Gallery—this time a full-length portrait of some Dutch gentleman of the seventeenth century, seemingly a statesman or captain, and altogether a noble and commanding figure. The original was by Frans Hals, one of the fathers of the Dutch School, though only lately appreciated at his just value. Other illustrations are of the new Schinkel statue to be erected in Berlin, and (borrowed from Lübke) of specimens of the Renaissance in France. From advanced manuscript of the *Neue Künstlerlexikon* is printed a very interesting sketch of the life of Leon Battista Alberti, an eminent apostle of the Renaissance, by Dr. Julius Meyer. There is the usual correspondence, chronicle of art matters, reviews, etc.

—We learn from a correspondent at Berlin that Professor Theodore Mommsen recently presented Mr. George Bancroft with a copy of his "Römische Geschichte," and accompanied the volumes with these lines which present the distinguished historian in the character of poet:

"Wir sind von gleichem S. hage,
Uns hebt die gleiche Fluth;
Ihr braucht die alte Sage,
Wir brauchen frisches Blut.
"Des einen Volkes Gründung,
Das war, das bleibt uns Rom;
Vertiefung und Verbündung
Baut jetzt am Völkerdom.
"So klingt hier die Parole,
Sie klingt auch drüben wohl,
Vom alten Capitol
Zum neuen Capitol."

The character of poet is not an accustomed one, we take it, for the learned author to appear in, and perhaps these lines are rather more valuable as a tribute of respect than as poetry. We are obliged to say so, at all events, in view of the version in English which we append as the best that we have managed to make. Want of matter is certainly not to be charged against the verses—which state of the case does not, however, make the translator's labor any easier:

"Of self-same mould are you and we;
One flood bears both along;
We need your fresher blood, and ye
Lack yet our lore and song.
"All peoples fused in one vast state,
That meant, that still means, 'Rome:'—
Of many a pillar, each separate,
Build we the People's Dome.
"Thus here the watchword we divine;
So sounds it there with you,
And the old Capitoline
Is answered from the new."

The second stanza is difficult to understand, and difficult to render after an interpretation has been decided upon. We take it to mean that the policy of ancient Rome, as of modern ecclesiastical Rome, was the absorption of nationalities and the fusing them into a single state—a political state in old times, a religious state in our day; but that now the tendency is to

make empires by binding together the peoples into federal unions, at the same time deepening ("Vertiefung"), intensifying, the individuality of each people. Notwithstanding the faults which seem to be due to the professor's unfamiliarity with the vehicle he has here used in expressing his meaning—samples of which are the second stanza's abstractions performing mason-work, the obscurity of the same stanza, the confusion and the confused metaphors of his first four lines—and notwithstanding the fact that the ideas are in themselves hardly more poetical, strictly speaking, than they are poetically expressed, the verses are yet full of suggestions which are not unpoetical, and there is an ingenuity of suggestion which might be envied by almost any writer of occasional verses. For example, the historian of ancient Rome addresses the historian of the new Capitol: here is a compliment to Mr. Bancroft and to the American people. Then, too, the German people come in for a share of this same compliment, and so also does the policy of creating a united Germany, as well as—more indirectly—the men who have executed that darling wish of the German heart. Then the contrast between the old governmental ideal and the modern idea of the "parliament of man, the federation of the world," a large and noble conception, as grand as true, happily suggests Mommsen himself, the historian of old Rome, and—as Mommsen's brother-writer, his fellow-expositor of the new tendency—it suggests Mr. Bancroft also, the historian of the great Western federal republic. And, to name no more, there is the flattering assertion of German and American consanguinity, heightened by the declaration that, though our blood and the German is the same in constitution—in fact, identical—ours is "*frisch*," which at once makes it better, of course. And we may say, too, that there is no harshness, but rather mildness, in the allusion to American literature.

—Apropos of the notice of Mr. Edwards's book on town libraries which we print on another page, we may remark that it is a pity that we have as yet no returns showing what success has attended the scheme of establishing free or nearly free school libraries throughout France. Over 10,000 have been founded, and endowed with over a million of books. Twenty years ago, French parents complained that there were no books which they durst give their daughters that their daughters wanted. The French press is still prolific in *ce que vierge ne doit pas lire*; but in the last two decades some most estimable writers have tried to supply the woful deficiency of books at once interesting and not immoral. One would like to know the character of the million volumes of these school and communal libraries, and whether morality has succeeded in avoiding a sacrifice to dulness. Germany, the land of book-making, always well provided with libraries, has of late years established many for more popular use—"Volkshibliotheken." The most noteworthy peculiarity of Italian town libraries is that they are not free, a small payment being exacted from borrowers. It has been thought by some that our own libraries would do well to adopt such a rule. People value what they pay for. Could not the two systems be carefully tried by two libraries otherwise similarly situated? Possibly even a small payment would keep away many who very much need the benefit of good reading, and that those only would pay who do not need any such obstruction to make them appreciate the privilege.

—The types were decidedly in error last week in making us say of Mr. E. C. Stedman that he is a poor poet. That, as our readers know, is not our opinion of him. We think no more than Mr. Stedman does that he is to be counted among the great singers; but we think, as we dare say he may not, but as we are sure he ought, that in many of his pieces he shows himself the possessor of a genuine and charming poetical gift. In the way of lighter poetry, nothing need be much prettier than "The Door-Step" and "Pan in Wall Street," which were last published in the "Blameless Prince," and to which we believe we have already called our readers' attention more than once. The word printed "poor" was "good," and as it was an insertion in printer's proof, and did not afterward fall under the eye of the writer, the error stood in the paper as it was published.

—The new agitation of the land question in England and Ireland—and especially in Ireland—is to begin with the publication of a volume of essays of the kind so common of late in England in the treatment of various political and social questions, and of which the "Essays and Reviews" furnished the model. The volume will appear under the auspices of the Cobden Club, and will contain accounts of the tenure and distribution of land, and its relation to government and society in the United States, India, France, Belgium, Russia, and Prussia. The United States is to be treated by a Mr. Fisher, of whom we know nothing beyond his name.

—The seventh session of the International Statistical Congress was held last week at the Hague. Organized, in 1853, mainly through the efforts of A. Quetelet, the well-known author of standard works on statistical and social subjects and Director of the Belgian Bureau of Statistics, this important body met for the first time at Brussels in the year named. Its subsequent sessions were held at Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin, and Florence, at intervals of from two to three years. No international organization has been more fruitful of good results. Its deliberations have derived more than ordinary weight from the fact that the principal governments of Europe have been regularly represented in it by official delegates in the persons of the directors of their respective statistical bureaux, all of whom are shining lights in statistical science, and that the successive recommendations of the Congress have been practically carried out in most countries. The present advanced state of public statistics must be ascribed in a large measure to the influence of the Congress; comparative statistics especially have received a marked development from its steady efforts to bring about a certain uniformity in the methods of conducting official statistical enquiries in different countries. The printed transactions of the Congress form a rich mine of the most valuable information concerning the material and moral condition of the civilized races. The programme for the recent session embraced subjects of the highest importance. Among them were propositions to induce the governments represented to have less regard for their fiscal and other interests and more for the welfare of the governed in the collection of public statistics, and to provide a system of mutual correction in connection with international commercial statistics. The United States Government was represented by Hon. S. B. Ruggles, who attended the session at Berlin in 1863 in the same capacity. The subject of our next general census was to be brought up by him for discussion. The American Association for the Promotion of Science having, at its last meeting at Salem, extended an invitation to the Congress to hold its next session in this country, it is not impossible that in 1871 we shall be able to welcome the leading statisticians of the Old World among us.

—We see that Messrs. Trübner & Co. announce themselves as the London publishers of a new quarterly magazine, which is to be called the "Revue Celtique," and is to be conducted by H. Gaidoz, who will be assisted by the chief Celtic scholars of the British Islands and the Continent. Celtic Philology, Literature, and History are the subjects to which the new magazine is to be devoted, and the list of competent scholars who have promised their assistance is long. Luckily, there is something of the nature and habits of the hobbyhorse-rider in the students of such subjects, and we may expect their promises to be fulfilled with more certainty than would be reasonable in the case of the promises of men cultivating general literature who should lend their names to publishers. The list includes contributors in Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, France, England, India, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

THE DIARY OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.*

THIS year has seen the publication of two biographies which are among the best that English literature has to show. Neither Forster's life of Landor nor Crabb Robinson's diary is what can be called a well-planned and skilfully executed work. In the life of Landor there is a clumsiness of arrangement and a dwelling upon details which forbid the use of the word skilful in regard to its workmanship, and Robinson's diary is so almost entirely made up of gossip and anecdote, and the life of the writer himself is, on the whole, so devoid of interest and so almost entirely a mere thread on which these pleasant recollections are strung, that one hardly thinks of his work as anything but a repertory of anecdotes and contemporary criticism of distinguished men and women of England's greatest period by one who knew them personally. But that it is in perfection Mr. Robinson, who was born so long ago as 1776, had the advantages of being born of a comparatively poor family, Dissenters in creed, in the England which was anti-dissenting and insular to a very much greater degree than now, and much more exclusively than now a community worshipping rank and wealth. As a result of his circumstances, Robinson did not go to an English school, and did go to several German universities, and came away with a breadth of culture very uncommon in an Englishman; made the acquaintance of Goethe, Schiller, and the other lights of German literature, just at the time when English curiosity began to be aroused concerning them, and there was almost nobody to gratify it; acquired the German language when a knowledge of it was a rare distinction among his

* "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson. Edited by T. Sadler." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1869.

countrymen; was more disposed than he would have been, had he been born within the charmed circle of the best society or had he not gone abroad, to appreciate the genius and cultivate the friendship of Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their friends, when they all were under a cloud; and thus fitted himself for collecting the mass of information concerning the great Englishmen of the last sixty or seventy years which he has given us in these volumes, and which will in turn give his name a long immortality among us and our posterity. Only Boswell has done better in Mr. Robinson's field, and even Boswell must yield to him in the amount of literary history which the two respectively give us, and must rest his claim to superiority on the fact that he had so interesting a central figure to portray, and that he showed a good deal of what may be called artistic perception in the portrayal of it. Both books have suffered and will suffer from the use of their material by other writers, and necessarily Mr. Robinson, when he loses his materials, loses more than Boswell, for Boswell, as we say, has something which cannot be taken away from him any more, or hardly any more, than a play of Shakespeare's can be superseded by voluminous quotations from it—dramatic and pictorial interest, namely. But the diary has so much to lose—is such a mine of biographical materials, that there is no danger at all of its becoming used up or rendered obsolete. Fifty new lives of fifty distinguished men and women, whose lives are already written, might be enriched from Mr. Robinson's stores; but it would be the reading of fifty books instead of one should the reader forsake the original source of the new wealth; and, on the whole, we may call Mr. Robinson's work immortal; not with the essential immortality of the gods, doubtless, but with a Tithonus-like interminability of existence which is attained by keeping the company of the true immortals.

Of Mr. Robinson himself it is hardly necessary to say much. He had in his early and his later life a good deal of the real Boswellian admiration for those better than himself; and in his later life he added to this more than a young man's fondness for social intercourse, so that he became even famous as a story-teller and talker. They relate of him that, when he gave his breakfasts, it was usual for the initiated among the guests to make their breakfasts before setting out, as the host habitually began serving up Goethe and Schiller or some other celebrity quite as soon as the cups and saucers began to make their appearance, and continued to offer intellectual fare so much more abundantly and constantly than food for the body that a hungry man was in an awkward position. Even a bold push to escape famishing was not surely successful; for sometimes there would be no housekeeper's keys, and sometimes even no housekeeper. With such a disposition and such habits of life, there was almost a necessity laid upon Mr. Robinson to be always hearing and always telling some new thing; and one has only to open the autobiography—no matter where—to see proofs of the extent of his acquisitions of this sort. To go on with his characteristic traits, we may say that, intellectually, he was of a receptive nature rather than creative or aggressive; but that he seems hardly to have had either the intellectual courage and energy with which this sort of mind is often endowed, nor quite all the breadth of tolerance and catholicity of taste with which it is still more frequently marked. He was, for example, to be called intolerant whenever Wordsworth's claims to admiration were seriously questioned. Wordsworth was, indeed, his idol, and a very devoted worshipper he was. And as to his want of decision, there were certain matters which, to the end of his life, he found it possible neither to leave alone nor to come to any conclusion about. Such were religious topics, which were, it is said, a constant theme of his discourse, and as to which he can hardly be said to have formed any fixed body of opinions down to the latest days of his life. For some time before his death, he seems to have inclined towards a liking for Church of England clergymen with no views that could be called very pronounced, and with a good deal of "liberality." As was natural, this tolerance and liking for tolerance grew upon him the older he grew; and not only as regards religious things, but others also, and he was a kinder and less exacting critic in his old age than in his youth, though, for that matter, it could never be said of him that he was not an open-minded man without harshness. His modesty was perhaps excessive; but that is an assertion open to contradiction, for we do not know that we see anything in the diary to disprove his opinion of his own powers, or to lead us to suppose that he might, as he says he could not, have done anything considerable in literature except this that he has done. He consorted intimately, while young enough to be ambitious, with men who certainly would have roused the ambition, and stimulated and strengthened the literary faculties, of almost anybody, however modest, who had much native literary ability, yet in his

case nothing came of it. Still, it is not unlikely that he may have been too fastidious, and not bold enough either, and at the same time had his courage dashed and his standard of excellence too much raised by his acquaintance with the greatest geniuses of Germany and England. This is a supposition somewhat strengthened by his course in regard to the law. He gave up literature because he thought he could do nothing in it that he should care to do, and, becoming a law student, was admitted to the bar, and in time got a profitable practice and something of a reputation. He did nothing, however, to enlarge it; but at a time when many English barristers are still waiting for the first brief, he retired from the profession to live leisurely on a small competence, apparently having too little energy of mind to find it to his taste to do the work he might very probably have done excellently, and too little ambition to spur what energies he had.

However, we may be very glad that this was so; for in pleasing himself and letting his nature gratify its inclination—by leading a calm, beneficent, social, semi-studious life—he has doubtless done the world more service and laid up for mankind more pleasure than if he had been the greatest of England's chancellors. Nobody will read these volumes of his without forming a liking and a respect for his kind heart and the estimable qualities of his mind. He will go into the number of our well-loved friends, and our children's and grandchildren's; and no doubt would rather be counted there than with the admired and unloved among the great men whom he has commemorated in one of the most readable of books.

As specimens of what the reader of the diary has in store for him, we quote almost at random a few of the thousand anecdotes of men well known, or whom this book will make so.

First, we happen upon a characteristic jest of Charles Lamb's. A jest and a gibe together we may call it, as many of Lamb's jests were, and as almost all of his serious jests were. "The Gentle Elia"—as he objected to being called—was seldom wholly himself unless he was somewhat ungentle. Clearness of insight was of the essence of his genius; and in his case clearness of insight was not counteracted by the creative power, the effect of whose activity it often is to withdraw its possessor from criticism, humorous or otherwise, or to give to criticism a mildness which hardly belongs to it. We may say, by the way, that justice is not often done to Lamb's extraordinary critical discernment. In the case of the friends with whom his lot was cast, and with whom we of to-day usually connect his name, his kindness generally led him into the temptation of giving undue praise. And in the case of the dead, his critical appreciation itself, unshared as it was by those around him, led him not into extravagances of laudation, but into laudation somewhat too unlimited. However, here is the jest we were to quote; and we may be sure that, to Lamb's mind, the little dig at Doctor Johnson was not the least of its commendations:

"Some one, speaking of Shakespeare, mentioned his anachronism in which Hector speaks of Aristotle. 'That's what Johnson referred to,' said Lamb, 'when he wrote—

'And panting Time toils after him in vain!'

Here are three notices of Mr. Benjamin Strutt, a friend of Mr. Robinson's in his early youth, and apparently a man of acuteness and wit. On one occasion he seems to have somewhat confused the mind of his young friend:

"Strutt was cynical, a free-thinker, I think an unbeliever. Yet one day he said something that implied he was a churchman. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'you a churchman!' He laughed: 'Let me give you a piece of advice, young man. Whatever you be through life, always be of the Act of Parliament faith.'

On another occasion Mr. Strutt, using the true Johnsonian manner—a manner not so displeasing when it is a Johnson who uses it—spoke thus to Mr. Robinson, who had been making some commonplace remarks, to the effect that it was Mr. John Locke's principles that had produced the French Revolution:

"That's all nonsense; Locke's book was the effect, not the cause of the Revolution. People do not rebel and overset governments because they have any ideas about liberty and right, but because they are wretched, and cannot bear what they suffer. The new government employed Locke to justify what they had done, and to remove the scruples of weak, conscientious people."

Mr. Strutt only makes one more appearance in Mr. Robinson's diary, but that is an appearance not to his discredit. Our author says:

"I once saw him by accident in London a few years after I had left Mr. Francis. He was going to the opera; I mentioned that I had no ear for music, least of all for Italian music. 'Get it as soon as you can. You

must one day love Italian music, either in this or another life. It is your business to get as much as you can *here*—for, as you leave off here, you must begin *there*. This, if seriously said [adds Mr. Robinson in a rather queer, way], implied a sort of hope of immortality very much like that of Goethe."

Another obscure person, whom Mr. Robinson seems to have remembered with respect and with satisfaction, is a Mrs. Buller. What he says of her is of some value for its remarks on the character of George IV., and of more value as exhibiting the tact of Mr. Robinson, who very well knew the old lady's line of reading:

"About this time, July 2, 1812, my diary refers to the death of Mrs. Buller—of those who never in any way came before the public one of the most remarkable women whom I have ever known. She was a lady of family, belonging to the Bullers of Devonshire, and had lived always at Court. She said once, incidentally: 'The Prince Regent has, I believe, as high a regard for me as for any one—that is, none at all. He is incapable of friendship.' On politics and on the affairs of life she spoke with singular correctness and propriety. On matters of taste she was altogether antiquated. She was the friend of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter. She showed me in her bookcase some bound quarto volumes, which she assured me consisted of a translation of Plato by herself, in her own hand. She was far advanced in years, and her death did not come upon her unexpectedly. Not many days before she died I called to make enquiries, and the servant, looking in a book and finding my name there, told me I was to be admitted. I found her pale as ashes, bolstered up in an arm-chair. She received me with a smile, and allowed me to touch her hand. 'What are you reading, Mr. Robinson?' she said. 'The wickedest, cleverest book in the English language, if you chance to know it.' 'I have known the 'Fable of the Bees' more than fifty years.' She was right in her guess."

Lamb we see pretty constantly in these volumes, and in this passage we have some just criticism of his on two poems, and indirectly on two men, one of whom he has often been unjustly charged with liking, and the other of whom he has been as unjustly charged with thinking not worth attention. Nobody, of course, has ever thought of Lamb as "taking to" Byron, but there is a belief that he thought of Southey as a great poet—a belief which gets little confirmation from anything in this book. Robinson says:

"January 8th.—Went in the evening to Lamb. I have seldom spent a more agreeable few hours with him. He was serious and kind; his wit was subordinate to his judgment, as is usual in *tête-à-tête* parties. Speaking of Coleridge, he said: 'He ought not to have a wife or children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world—no parish duty.' Lamb reprobated the prosecution of Byron's 'Vision of Judgment.' Southey's poem of the same name is more worthy of punishment, for his has an arrogance beyond endurance. Lord Byron's satire is one of the most good-natured description—no malevolence."

Here is Lord Thurlow in an agreeable light:

"April 13th.—Dover lately lent me a very curious letter, written in 1757 by Thurlow to a Mr. Caldwell, who appears to have wanted his general advice how to annoy the parson of his parish. The letter fills several sheets, and is a laborious enumeration of statutes and canons, imposing an infinite variety of vexatious and burdensome duties on clergymen. Thurlow begins by saying: 'I have confined myself to consider how a parson lies obnoxious to the criminal laws of the land, both ecclesiastical and secular, upon account of his character and office, omitting those instances in which all men are equally liable.' And he terminates his review by a triumphant declaration: 'I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even by this short sketch, that I did not talk idly to him, when I said that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes that they can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched.'"

"Scarcely any of the topics treated of have any interest, being for the most part technical: but after writing of the Statutes of Uniformity, especially 13th and 14th Ch. II. c. 64, he has this passage: 'I have mentioned these severe statutes and canons, because I have known many clergymen, and those of the best character, followers of Eusebius, who have, in the very face of all these laws, refused to read the Athanasian Creed. Considering the shocking absurdity of this creed, I should think it a cruel thing to punish anybody for not reading it but those who have sworn to read it, and who have great incomes for upholding that persuasion.'"

And here is tinkling Tommy Moore, whom we may, perhaps, forgive for being not much at his ease nor very much delighted among so many poor friends as he must have had in a company of which Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb were constituent parts:

"April 4th.—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

"Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's *Life*, which account is quoted in the *Athenaeum* of April 23, 1853. Moore writes: 'April 4, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes: the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him.' Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a *clever* man; and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who, when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree. This admirable person is dryly noticed as 'the poor woman who went mad in a diligence,' etc. Moore is not to be blamed for this; they were strangers to him. The *Athenaeum* reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks, 'The tone is not to our liking,' and it is added, 'We should like to see Lamb's account.'"

But time fails us to do so much as mention by name the many celebrated people of whom Mr. Robinson speaks. We must leave it to his volumes themselves to tell our readers what he has to say of Goethe, and "Conversation Sharp," and Flaxman, and Schiller, and poor George Dyer, and Daniel Webster, and Tieck, and Capel Loft, and Charles Greeley Loring, and Mrs. Stowe, and the Brownings, and Hazlitt, and John Wilkes, and Lord and Lady Byron, and Sir Humphry Davy, and John Wesley, and Voss, and Herder, and Irving, and Rogers, and Liston the comedian, and the Kembles and Keans, and Wellington, and Miss Coutts, and Amelia Opie, and Benjamin Disraeli, and "Tom Hill, the original Paul Pry," and Mr. Gladstone, and Joe Hume, and Grote, and Robert Hall, and Godwin, and Talfourd, and Romilly, and Erskine, and Mrs. Barbauld, and Queen Victoria, and Landor, and Thackeray, and Mrs. Austen, and, in short, nearly every English body who has been made known to us during a period beginning with the times before our Declaration of Independence and ending with—our own day, we were about to say, but Robinson at the last writes of men who will be carrying on the world's affairs a quarter of a century after his more elderly readers are dead and gone.

A LIBRARIAN ON FREE LIBRARIES.*

MR. EDWARDS'S title may raise some false hopes among those who have town libraries in charge. His work exhibits considerable research, and is very interesting; but it will give librarians little practical assistance. For the greater part of his space is devoted to the history of town libraries, and the lessons to be drawn from this history in regard to certain great questions of management, such as whether it is the better policy to provide books or building first—(books first, is the answer); whether there should be any payment on the part of readers who desire greater privileges than are granted to the general public—(our author would have no such combination of a free and a subscription library); whether any voucher should be exacted from applicants for the loan of books—(which he answers in the affirmative), and from applicants for admission to the reading-room—(to which he says No). But even these questions are hardly discussed; and the librarian who buys the expensive book hoping to learn what form of building will best accommodate the books, the officers, and the public; whether to support the shelves by pegs or ratchets; how high the tables should be; how to plan such conveniences of desk or book-stand as it will be well to add to the tables; what form of ledger or of ticket is best adapted for charging books and for preparing the catalogue; and—not the least perplexing question—what rules to follow in cataloguing; where to buy books, and what discount to expect from the booksellers; whether to cover the books, and how to bind them when the cloth binding is worn out; what other processes a book must go through before it can be taken out—the librarian, we say, seeking assistance on these points will find no dimensions, no details, nothing but the most general hints. Mr. Edwards says of the recently erected library at Grenoble: "It is, I believe, one of the extremely small number of library buildings which have been mainly designed by a librarian. The plans are said to exhibit—as, under such circumstances, they plainly ought to do—unusual closeness of adaptation to the end in view." After this praise, it is rather provoking not to be told what the plans are.

The chief interest of Mr. Edwards's book lies in his account of the dif-

* "Free Town Libraries: their Formation, Management, and History in Britain, France, Germany, and America. Together with Brief Notices of Book-Collectors and of the Respective Places of Deposit of their Surviving Collections. By Edward Edwards. New York: John Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

difficulties with which the promoters of free libraries have struggled in England, and of the wonderful success and efficiency of the libraries when once established. The usual resistance of townsmen to new things, their natural disinclination to increase their taxes, and an inability to appreciate the advantages of providing reading for clerks, artisans, servants, mill-operatives, have thrown every obstacle in the way. During the eighteen years which have elapsed since the first Library Act was passed, only thirty-four towns of the United Kingdom have availed themselves of its provisions and of those of the second and better act, which allowed a rate of a penny in the pound. Those thirty-four towns, however, have accumulated more than 420,000 volumes, and the average annual issues already amount to 2,938,000 volumes—Fiction heading the list, and the classes next in order being respectively History and Biography, Voyages and Travels, Sciences and Arts, Philosophy, Politics, and Law.

There are some interesting questions which Mr. Edwards does not touch upon; to which, in fact, it would be very difficult to get any but a conjectural answer. What, after all, is the good accomplished by the circulation of these three millions of volumes? It cannot have been without effect. Has it merely amused, or has it, as is claimed, educated, refined, civilized the readers? Is not mere amusement, if innocent, a good in itself which there is more danger of our underestimating than overestimating? Is the effect in any proportion to the trouble, and cost, and blowing of trumpets? How much have these books stimulated the nascent ability of future writers or artists? how much have they helped the artisan in his work? how much political—and domestic—economy have they taught? how much contentment have they fostered? how much pleasure and relief from weariness or anxiety have they given? how many empty hours have they filled that would have been worse occupied, preventing visits to low resorts by supplying better and cheaper amusement? These results we cannot tabulate; we cannot even ascertain them accurately. Sociologists should attempt to find answers; statisticians could make little of them.

The account of American libraries is not very satisfactory; indeed, none can be till the publication of the next census. Our town libraries do not in their annual reports generally give such detailed statistics of their issues as the English. It is to be hoped that in 1870 questions will be put and answers obtained on many more points than satisfied our last census-takers; that we shall not only know how many volumes there are, but get at least an approximate estimate of the amount of their use. The war checked the formation of new libraries and the growth of the old; but since its close the stock of books accessible to the public must have greatly increased. In 1850, it was nearly four millions, in ten thousand libraries; in 1860, eight and a half millions, in nearly twenty thousand libraries; and in 1870, it may be from twelve to fifteen millions in twenty-five thousand libraries.

The last third of Mr. Edwards's book is filled by an alphabetical list of 1,120 book collectors, giving usually the date of death, the name of the library to which the collections went, and a brief statement of the circumstances of the acquisition. It is full of curious anecdotes of the book-lovers of the last four centuries, and will be useful as a work of reference. Of course, a first attempt at such a compilation cannot be complete—is not likely to be even accurate. In a second edition, Mr. Edwards would do well to add the name of John Harvard, whose books formed the nucleus of the first library in America, and the names of two of its subsequent benefactors—Rev. Theophilus Gale, whose "Court of the Gentiles" was famous in its day, and John Lightfoot, the great Rabbinical scholar. Nor ought he to omit three men, a part, or the whole, of whose collections are now in the library of the Divinity School at Cambridge—Dr. Francis Parkman, Dr. Convers Francis, and Prof. Friedrich Lücke. Mr. Edwards's Henry William Wales should be Henry Ware Wales. All these facts could have been ascertained by examination of documents which are in the British Museum, but Mr. Edwards complains of the inconvenience of the catalogues of that library, and apparently found such researches as he made sufficiently tedious. The same excuse could not be pleaded for the omission of fourteen out of seventeen names of collectors elsewhere mentioned by himself (pp. 228-230). Again, the four names on pp. 256, 257, and eight out of the nine on p. 249, are not given in the alphabetical list. In fact, our author does not appear to have thought of making use in the second part of the work of his own thorough researches in the first. It is a pity, too, that the list is deformed by the very unscholarlike practice of giving all Christian names in the English form, as Lewis Ariosto, John Boccaccio, Peter Séguier, Leonard of Vinci! With the older names this is not very offensive, for our fathers Anglicized freely; but, if he is following the ancient usage, he should write John Bocace, as he writes Francis

Petrarch. And in the modern names, it is unendurable; for our fathers' practice is wholly obsolete—or we had thought so till Mr. Edwards's attempt at reviving it. Who ever heard, or ever will hear, except from Mr. Edwards, of John Mary Quérad?

SEMI-CRITICAL OLD TESTAMENT COMMENTARIES.*

THE books the titles of which we have grouped together below, have one important trait in common: a more or less distinctly expressed, unquestioning belief in the genuineness, almost perfect correctness, and inspired character of the Hebrew Scriptures. But only Dr. Lange's critical standpoint—we use these words in the broad sense which would lead Dr. Lange himself to speak of the *religious* standpoint of even pantheism—is fully and argumentatively, though neither lucidly nor satisfactorily, defined and explained. This is done in the "Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament" which the author has prefixed to the "Genesis," and which Dr. Gosman has so poorly translated that some of its obscurities are manifestly owing to deficient rendering. The more tangible points, however, are sufficiently discernible. According to Dr. Lange, "the great, profound, all-pervading formative element" in *all* the books of the Bible "is the ideal fact of the saving self-revelation of God even to his incarnation, i. e., the soteriological messianic idea," and as regards the "outward connection and articulation" of the various component parts of the Canon "it cannot be denied, there must have been not only an inspiration of the records themselves, but of the records in their present form, and that it is just as one-sided to deny the traces of this inspired editing of the sacred records (Luke i. 1) as to enfeeble their testimony by the supposition of an uncanonical biblical book-making, of a painful and laborious compilation and fusion of diverse elements or parts into one." And this broad declaration of belief implies not only a vindication of the correctness of the Hebrew superscriptions, given in the text, concerning the authorship of certain books, prophecies, or psalms; it also implies an assertion of authenticity in regard to traditional or external titles. Thus all the unheaded prophecies connected in one book with those marked as Isaiah's are acknowledged by our author as belonging to that prophet, not excluding those that speak of Cyrus by name, and of the temple of Jerusalem as already destroyed, although that monarch was not born nor that sanctuary burned within a century after Isaiah. For "the prophet would in these prophecies have placed himself upon that, to him, far distant standpoint of the Babylonish captivity as in his historical present, in order from that point to predict events still more distant in the future. This is not the method of the prophets, but it is the method of the Apocalypses. . . . We regard then the second part of the Book of Isaiah (ch. xl.-lxvi.) as the first Old Testament Apocalypse." And what is, according to this view, the theme of the first part of that book? "The personal Christ as prophet, priest, and king." And what is the theme of Obadiah? "The judgment upon Edom—as the type of Antichrist." Of Nahum? "The judgment upon Nineveh as the type of the fleshly Antichrist." Of Habakkuk? "The judgment upon Babylon as the type of the demoniac, self-deifying Antichrist." Jeremiah has his Apocalypse. So has Ezekiel. Daniel is "throughout Apocalyptic." Yet there are exceptions to the author's orthodox rule concerning authorship. He admits portions of Daniel to have been interpolated, on account of "grave circumstances," against which the more orthodox translator, Dr. Gosman, refers to Hengstenberg. He believes the Preacher of Solomon to have been written long after that king, and the title affixed "in the use of poetical license." "That the Song, also, is not correctly attributed to Solomon as its author," he infers from its fundamental thought, to which Dr. Gosman decidedly objects. This translator also disputes various points of the author's dissertation on the "so-called difficult places in the Old Testa-

* "Genesis; or, The First Book of Moses; together with a General Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament. By John Peter Lange, D.D., Professor in Ordinary of Theology in the University of Bonn. Translated from the German, with additions, by Professor Taylor Lewis, LL.D., Schenectady, N. Y., and A. Gosman, D.D., Lawrenceville, N. J." [Vol. I. of the Old Testament in "A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special reference to ministers and students. By John Peter Lange, D.D., in connection with a number of European divines. Translated from the German and edited, with additions, by Philipp Schaff, D.D., in connection with American scholars of various Evangelical denominations."] New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

"Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament. By C. F. Kell, D.D., and F. Delitzsch, D.D., Professors of Theology. The Twelve Minor Prophets. By Carl Friedrich Kell, D.D. Translated from the German by the Rev. James Martin, B.A., Nottingham." 2 vols. [Vols. XVII. and XVIII. of the Fourth Series of "Clark's Foreign Theological Library."] Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

"Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes, Author of 'Notes on the New Testament.' 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' etc. In 3 vols." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858-9.

"Jeremiah, and his Lamentations; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

ment," which forms one of the numerous additions to the American edition of the book before us, many of which are from the scholarly pen of Professor Tayler Lewis. He is satisfied with Dr. Lange's orthodoxy concerning the account of creation, paradise, the first human pair, "the long-lived fathers and Enoch," the flood and the ark, the tower of Babel, "the sexual difficulties in the history of the patriarchs," the Egyptian miracles and plagues, and other difficult points, but he is far from being edified by what is said, in explanation, about Balaam's ass and the arresting of the sun by Joshua—though of the ass Dr. Lange piously says that he "is no subject for ridicule," and that "the Spirit of God has made this ass to be a standing irony upon the thoughtlessness (to speak euphemistically) of the knights of free-thought as they go upon the expedition to destroy Christianity." In view of the vast labor and scholarship bestowed upon this work by Dr. Lange, we cannot refrain from thinking that Dr. Gosman would have better employed his time had he devoted it more exclusively to the cares of a translator, which might have saved him the triple reproach of inaccuracy, inelegance, and gross haste in execution. In illustration of his carelessness, we but refer to pp. 61, 62, and 416, where, after the mention of Von Hetzel, Staehelin, and Tuch, respectively, parts of the sentences are given untranslated, in the original German. The American edition is, besides, disfigured by numerous misprints in Hebrew words (see f. i. p. 178) and numerous minor inaccuracies of various kinds. But Dr. Lange himself, with whom the theological and homiletical parts are, after all, the most important, is not free of highly blamable carelessness. Thus, after correctly stating (p. 15) "the sum of the reigns of the Jewish kings"—that is, of the kings of Judah from Rehoboam to Zedekiah—to have been a little upward of 380 years, he informs us (p. 45) that the period embraced by "the two Books of Kings" was "about 380 years," forgetting that those books embrace also the forty years of the reign of Solomon, the predecessor of Rehoboam, and, in their concluding passage, about thirty years posterior to the reign of Zedekiah; while, on the other hand, for reasons unexplained, he extends the period covered by the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther to "about 130 years," which is either too long or, if meant to include the time covered by the list of high-priests interpolated in Nehemiah, too short.

If Dr. Lange's orthodoxy may appear to some imperfect, Dr. Keil's, we have no doubt, is apt to satisfy the most exacting scrutinizers; while he also excels in Semitic erudition and in exegetical minuteness and precision. While the former speaks of the Book of Jonah as allegorical—at least to a degree—the latter, almost without hesitation, swallows that prophet with his "shark" and everything as historical. Hitzig's rather sharp criticism on this point so provokes him that he stigmatizes it as a "coarse view of God and of Divine Providence, . . . which borders very closely upon atheism;" he endeavors to prove that "even the two most striking miracles—the three days' imprisonment in the belly of the sea-fish, and the growth of a *Qiqayôn* to a sufficient height to overshadow a sitting man—have analogies in nature;" he makes this view the more acceptable by stating that "the three days and three nights are not to be regarded as fully three times twenty [*sic* in the translation] hours, but are to be interpreted according to Hebrew usage, as signifying that Jonah was vomited up again on the third day after he had been swallowed;" and he not only defends the genuineness of the prayer of Jonah against Knobel and De Wette, but also declares it to have been uttered in the belly of the fish, and "in perfect accordance with the prophet's" rather queer "circumstances and the state of his mind." That Jonah praises God for a deliverance already received, instead of praying for it, can, of course, be no strong objection for a critical conscience of such calibre. Nor will Dr. Keil hesitate to declare Jonah the author of the narrative of his mission, which, according to him, took place as early as 800 B.C., though the style of the narrative most decidedly resembles that of the latest compositions in the Hebrew Canon. Still less does he waver in upholding the identity of origin of the two parts of Zechariah (i.-viii. and ix.-xiv.), in spite of their glaring difference in contents, tone, and language. In fact, he does not even stoop to mention the existence of a different opinion on this subject. This is perhaps going a little too far, as it might subject him to the suspicion of avoiding a conflict from fear of an inadequacy of weapons. And yet it requires almost equal anti-critical courage to place Obadiah in time at the head of all the minor prophets, by making him the contemporary of Joram, King of Judah ("between 889 and 884 B.C.")—which Dr. Keil bravely does. The next in time he makes Joel ("between 875 and 848 B.C.") Like Dr. Lange, he evidently believes in the Jewish collectors' "inspired editing;" he goes, however, a step further, attributing the headings of the books, incorporated with the texts, to the prophets themselves.

The later editors are thus relieved of a great deal of responsibility. Their literal revision of the text Dr. Keil considers trustworthy in the highest degree, and he staunchly clings to their readings. He is also a very strict grammarian, to the detriment here and there of his, in so many respects, eminent exegesis. The English edition of this ample and erudite commentary is comparatively fair, and, as regards the Hebrew, printed with admirable accuracy, but otherwise less carefully. Thus, we find "Jehoiada" for Joash (Vol. I., p. 6) and "Hezekiah" for Jotham (Vol. I., p. 420, in one instance).

"Barnes on the Psalms" is a model of careful elaboration, correctness of revision, and external neatness. It is chiefly homiletical, in this respect equalling the fulness of Lange's Commentary. In critical matters, the author moves apparently somewhat more freely than both Lange and Keil. Thus, he says in an introductory remark to Psalm xxii.: "It cannot be absolutely demonstrated that these titles to the psalms are all of them correct, as it cannot be supposed that they were affixed to them by authors of the psalms themselves; and it is not absolutely known by whom they were prefixed. Of course, there is no certain evidence that they were attached to the psalms by an inspired writer." But, as he immediately adds, "Still they are to be presumed to be correct unless there is some clear evidence to the contrary," and as he consistently acts upon this principle, his critical license almost entirely vanishes in the application, so that the psalms are classified, and, of course, their contents explained, not according to their inner evidence, but mainly in accordance with their superscriptions, and other traditional indications, emanating from "the collector of the Psalms, whoever he might be." In the introduction we find a very elaborate—though perhaps not quite successful—apologetic discourse on the "imprecatory" portions of the Psalter, in which the writer by very ingenious processes endeavors to justify, among others, expressions like the following from Ps. cix.: "When he shall be judged, let him be condemned; and let his prayer become sin. . . . Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any favor to his fatherless children. . . . Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out." In the preface, as likewise in a short closing postscript, the aged author—who has been for years afflicted with a partial failure of vision—speaks in touching words of his manifold labors "in endeavoring to explain and illustrate the sacred Scriptures," and of the emotion with which he now resigns himself to "attempt no more."

Dr. Cowles concludes with the volume on "Jeremiah and his Lamentations" his "series on the Old Testament prophets." The main object of this new work, to which is somewhat strangely affixed a dissertation on "The Premillennial Advent of Christ," is "to bring out the great points of prophetic revelation with a richer practical force." To this end most of the author's labor is devoted; the introductory, historical, and purely exegetical remarks are comparatively short and insignificant. Criticism, in the narrower sense of the word, he nowhere attempts. Objections, based upon critical grounds, to the genuineness of a portion of his prophet's writings, he cuts short by an assertion which renders all further and similar disquisition unnecessary: "Jeremiah was not merely a *man*; he was also a *prophet of God*. Hence, he was not dependent upon his knowledge of history, or his personal observation, or his shrewdness in forecasting future results from present indications. The Lord showed him what no human eye could see, and taught him what to say and to write. . . . Hence, the fact that Jeremiah, in the fourth year of Zedekiah, speaks by anticipation and in prophecy of Jerusalem and its temple as destroyed, creates not the least difficulty. Nor does the fact that he saw the Medes preparing war against Babylon [half a century after Zedekiah] create any sort of difficulty. Did not the Lord know that fact as early as the reign of Zedekiah?" We are rather surprised to find that our author thinks it possibly "admissible" to change the reading of the word *mbtzar* (Jer. vi. 27) "slightly," that is, by the insertion of a dot. At the same time, he has overlooked the fact that his compositor has, by the omission of three dots and one vowel, slightly spoiled the reading of four words out of the twelve given in this book in Hebrew letters—*s(h)eruth*, *hag(g)eber*, *mas(s)a*, *al(a)y*.

Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—The title of this book would not lead the reader to expect an account of a settlement undertaken by the author in the year 1848-9, and such descriptions of the country, its geography, products, capacity, etc., as would be of value to intending colonists. These, however, are what he will get, and the "Wanderings" consist chiefly in digressions relating to the chase that might properly have

been included in the "Rifle and Hound." We confess to liking the present work better than that just named, on grounds with which we shall not ask sportsmen to sympathize. It presents Mr. Baker in the rôle of a civilizing pioneer in a tropical wilderness, among a degenerate people, and under a government of whose inefficiency he does not hesitate to speak with the greatest frankness. As his experiment in the highlands of Newera Ellia was to prove his fitness for the grander experiment in which he is now engaged in equatorial Africa, it cannot fail to be read with interest, apart from the attractive style in which all his narratives are clothed. A number of years have passed since this book was written, and Ceylon is probably better cultivated and better ruled than formerly, but the nature of its soil, of course, remains unchanged, and it must be still true that no crops will thrive without manure, and that even with manure wheat does not prosper, and pasturage is precarious, that the native fruits are generally inferior to those of other parts of India, and, in short, that the island—except in scenery—is quite other than the paradise which it has often been reported to be. What it might produce, and how dense a population it might sustain, is inferrible from the stupendous monuments of that elder race which constructed the tanks and the water-courses that once fertilized all the land, and gave an extension to the rice-culture which it is now difficult to realize. The Cingalese of to-day inherit the modes of culture of their ancestors, without their indomitable enterprise or high civilization, nor have they been perceptibly elevated under the British rule, which, at the time when Sir Samuel wrote, was changed every five years, and generally for the worse, which had paralyzed the coffee trade by a sudden resort to free trade, had destroyed the pearl fishery with retributive greediness, held a monopoly of salt and of the precious metals, and, in a word, did nothing to foster and much to retard the development of the island. However this may now be, the relation of Ceylon to the new currents of trade through the Isthmus of Suez, on the one hand, and from our Pacific Coast, on the other, may, we imagine, revive its colonial importance, and ensure its progress.

The Science of Government in connection with American Institutions.
By Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.)—

Dr. Alden's "Science of Government" is, for a book of its scope and aim, nearly all that could be desired. Colleges will of course use some more complete treatise, like those of Story, Duer, and Pomeroy; for high-schools and academies the one before us can hardly be surpassed. It is very brief, but one wishes only a very little in the way of commentary, and the views are always judicious and clearly expressed. This judgment will be confirmed by the trial of use in the schoolroom. It needs, however, tables (lists of Presidents, etc.), and, especially, the Appendix ought to contain the Constitution as a whole, instead of having it merely distributed through the book in clauses. It errs, perhaps, on the side of brevity; for instance, Art. 9 of the Amendment requires a commentary; and Art. 4, § 3, clause 1, has its sense spoiled by the use of a semicolon instead of a comma after the words, "within the jurisdiction of any other State."

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Marlitt (E.), Countess Gisela: a Tale, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 0 35	
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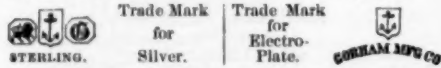
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